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FILMINDIA

Editor: BABURAO PATEL

Annas
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FATHER AND SON .....

What's the DUTY of these to EACH OTHER?

This engrossing question is dealt in

FAMOUS - ARUN FILM Co's

MIGHTY HISTORICAL

THORATANCHI KAMLA

थोरातांची कमला based on the idea of the popular poet BEE

Written and Directed by: — BHAL G. PENDHARKER

Featuring: — SUMATI GUPTE. CHANDRAKANT. I. T. NIMBALKER. NANASAHEB PHATAK. BAPURAO PAWAR.

Produced at: FAMOUS-ARUN STUDIOS.

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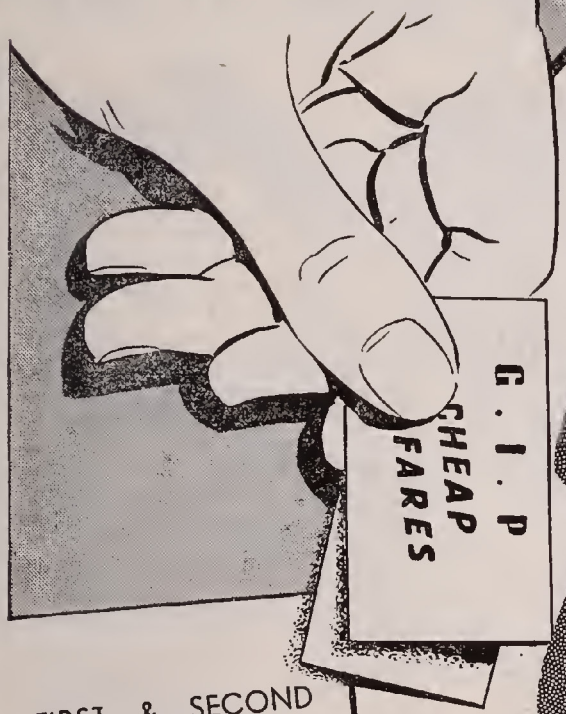
YOUR RUPEE WILL GO A LONG WAY THIS Easter



For every rupee the G.I.P. Railway will give you approximately six annas worth of extra travel in 1st and 2nd class and four annas worth in Inter and third. Take advantage of this generous concession and visit those delightful holiday resorts and other places of interest during the Easter Holidays.

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PREPARATIONS

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104, Apollo Street, Fort, Bombay

filmindia

VOL. 7 NO. 3
MARCH, 1941

Editor: **BABURAO PATEL**

Sack The Duffers And Win The War

"IN MODERN times by far the most successful, if not the greatest, propaganda force that the world has ever witnessed is the film industry. Although this is uncontrolled and dictated solely for commercial profit, it has had a greater effect on the outlook, habits and morals of wide sections of mankind of all races in a short time than any other movement, sociological or religious", writes Capt. Sidney Rogerson in his excellent book "Propaganda in The Next War."

These words of a man who practises propaganda as a profession ought to help us to realize the immense potentialities of the film as an instrument of propaganda for winning this war.

But the duffers who are at present in charge of our war propaganda through films have not yet realized the grave responsibility they are shouldering in taking up this medium of propaganda.

As I have pointed out before almost every member of the Film Advisory Board is incompetent to hold his post and especially so as the work demands an excellent study of international politics, mass psychology, audience reaction, current sentiment of the people, their conflicting political creeds and first and last a fundamental knowledge of propaganda. The members of the present Board are badly equipped in this respect and therefore disqualify themselves for their present responsibility.

This fact was brought home to me forcibly when I recently saw the war film "London Can Take It" produced by the British Ministry of Information.

"London Can Take It" is a beautifully produced war short. It has an eloquent commentary by Quentin Reynolds of the "Collier's Weekly." The commentary itself is worthy of emulation in India, where commentaries by Claude Scott, Talyarkhan, Genge and others have been so poor.

This war short is eminently suitable for the Britishers whose homes are bombed from day to day. It helps to create a primary element of fear and through it an unbending resistence to the enemy that showers this destruction. The Britishers understand the spirit of the film as every one of them is directly or indirectly going through the fearful experience from day to day. The Britisher's home, hitherto a symbolic castle, is now being outraged and destroyed and the Britisher revolts at it. He steels his mind for a greater resistence to the aggressor and thus the fear primarily created by the heartrending scenes in the film, is soon transformed into a will to resist at all costs. That film has done its work in England.

But not in India. However brave and inspiring may be the example of the unfortunate Britishers, the total effect of the film is still demoralising. The first impression that is created is that Londoners can take it but while taking it they are being beaten, defeated, and pounded from day to day. And the very next blank created

in the mind is filled up by "And they can't give it back, poor fellows."

Pity is thus created for the Britishers and no sympathy nor any pride. For there is no pride in this type of suffering for the British.

"London Can Take It" is a psychologically unsuitable film for war propaganda in India. It advocates a philosophy of defeatism. It attacks the self-respect of every true democrat. "Our sentiments are coloured by propaganda and propaganda is based on national self-respect" says Captain Sidney Rogerson. On what self-respect is this film based, as seen from the Indian point of view?

India is to-day Congress minded and whether the British admit or not, the majority of Indians are against this war. Of what use, therefore, is this film in such an unsympathetic atmosphere?

What India and particularly her war minded youth want to see is "How Britain Hits Back" and not how "London Can Take It."

We know how to take it. We have been taking it for a hundred and fifty years from the British. Show us now how to give it back, by showing films of how the British hit back.

Those people who are directly opposed to this war and who are anti-British in addition will laugh when they see this film. The "Quislings" in this country will get one more argument in this film. And from man to man the word will go that London, the capital of the Empire, is burning.

Imagine this story reaching the remote villages in India and calculate their effect on the morale of the people. Says Captain Sidney Rogerson, "There is no propaganda so effective as that passed in conversation from person to person."

No, Sir, this film, "London Can Take It" must be withdrawn from circulation or the duffers, who are blundering, must be sacked.

We can't afford to lose the war to feed a few officials and to bedeck a crowd of duffers with war honours.

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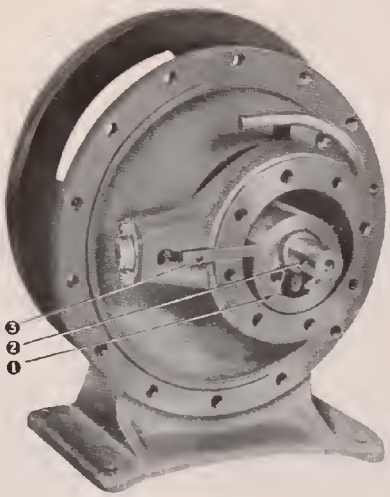

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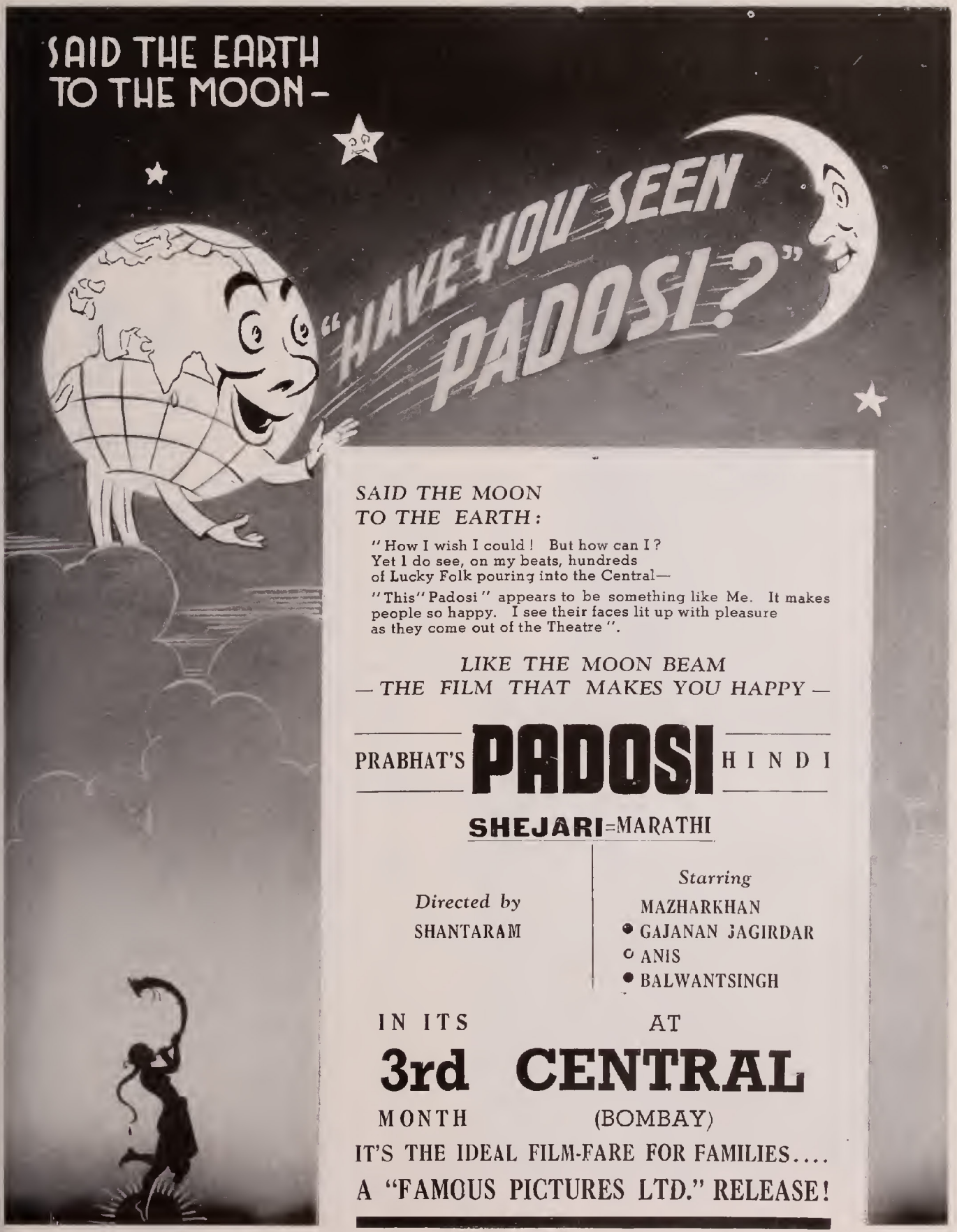

SAID THE MOON
TO THE EARTH:

"How I wish I could! But how can I?
Yet I do see, on my beats, hundreds
of Lucky Folk pouring into the Central—

"This" Padosi" appears to be something like Me. It makes people so happy. I see their faces lit up with pleasure as they come out of the Theatre".

LIKE THE MOON BEAM
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SHEJARI=MARATHI

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SHANTARAM

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MAZHARKHAN
• GAJANAN JAGIRDAR
o ANIS
• BALWANTSINGH

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Bombay Calling

This section is the monopoly of "JUDAS" and he writes what he likes and about things which he likes. The views expressed here are not necessarily ours, but still they carry weight because they are written by a man who knows his job.

Thanks ! Boys !

In refreshing contrast to the shabby behaviour of the Poona College students, reported in our last issue, was the courteous and gentlemanly behaviour of thousands of students of Bangalore, when the Intermediate College Association invited their own and other students in the city to hear Mr. Baburao Patel on the Indian film industry, during his tour of the South.

During full two hours of speaking and replying to numerous questions, some annoying, some frivolous but several serious, the students displayed exemplary patience and discipline and the least, that the students in other parts of the country can do, is to emulate the precious example of the Bangalore boys. They are boys who have already realized the responsibilities of manhood and my heart goes out to them in admiration.

The Intermediate College Association is also editing a very well got up monthly magazine, almost with a professional finish, which contains thought provoking articles on present social conditions, politics and war.

Well, the students of Bangalore are hitting it already in the right direction and I pray that every one of them becomes in future a precious pillar of our nation. Every one of them deserves to be one.

On The Iraq Film Front

Inspite of the agitation on the Iraq film front, things do not seem to be yet going quite smoothly with the Indian films in Iraq. Well, the authorities there seem to have allowed one film, "Punjab Mail" to be released immediately as a sort of a temporary appeasement.

But reports come to us that the general hostile attitude of the authorities towards the Indian films is still pursued and as before, indifference and senseless obstacles still hinder the progress of our films there.

Till the time of writing, two films "Kuldeepak" and "Ghazi Salahuddin" are still held up on one excuse or other and censor certificates are not granted to them, though the Indian representatives have been consistently knocking at the door of the authorities.

It seems that this shameful state of affairs is likely to continue as far as the Foreign Department of the Government of India does not pull up the Government of Iraq severely. We again appeal to Mr. Caroe, the Secretary, Foreign Department to look into this matter more carefully and obtain some definite results.

Bad Projection At The Lamington

There is no sense in a producer going to the pain and labour, not to mention the expense, of producing a good picture if it is to be handed over to bad projectionists for showing. This remark is necessary because when I went to see "Pardesi" at the Lamington Talkies in Bombay, I was shocked to see this prominent theatre in the city reproducing sound badly. As far as I know, the Ranjit people have never given us bad recording but somehow "Pardesi", as it was unfolded on the screen, could not be distinctly heard and even the beautiful songs sounded insipid. When I pro-

Renuka Devi and Ashok Kumar make a popular team in "Naya Sansar."

tested to the management, which seems to be composed of fat and retired Parsee pensioners, I was surprised to find that none knew anything about good sound or even increasing its volume.

This theatre belongs to Mr. M. B. Billimoria who is a seasoned veteran in this industry and the least I expect from him is to have an efficient management in his theatre to guarantee to the producers a decent reproduction of sound.

If Mr. Billimoria, in pursuit of his own charitable instincts has to feed a lot of old retired Parsees, he is at perfect liberty to do so by starting a sanatorium at Billimora but it is inexcusable that he should impose these people and their inefficiency indirectly on the public who pay for their entertainment. The Lamington Talkies should immediately have not only better management but also a better projectionist if it is to remain popular in future.

The South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce

The Secretaries of the different motion picture institutions in Bombay will put their heads down in shame if they know how well and how efficiently the South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce has been managed and run by the motion picture people in the South.

The person who is responsible for this efficient management is Mr. V. Rama Rao, through whose untiring efforts and keen interest almost every possible grievance of the film industry in the South is being attended to from day to day.

It gladened my heart to see these South Indian motion picture people demanding remedy for one grievance or other either from the Government or from the provincial bodies, fighting for some right or privilege from the Railways and the Electric Companies, in short doing all and everything and thereby making enough noise to attract attention and demand relief.

And between themselves they have in addition settled a number of quarrels with the result that fewer producers now rush to court if they have a difference of opinion with their technicians, artistes or even with their own kind. The South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce has secured representation on the Censor Board and has four members on the Examiners' Board for the Projectionists and is in addition consulted on vital matters of the industry by different provincial governments. I can hardly say that of our motion picture institutions on this side.

We have secretaries, here, who swank and talk a lot but do little. We have secretaries who rush to print in matters which do not concern them, merely to see their name in the newspapers. But we have none who are doing anything practical for the industry. I suggest that some of these secretaries should be sent to Mr. V. Rama Rao for training before they waste more funds of their institutions.

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With Amami Wave Set you can quickly have an attractive setting of waves and curls, every hair neatly in place. Simply follow the full, easy directions enclosed. Amami Wave Set is non-oily, non-sticky, and it dries in no time. Get a bottle of Amami Wave Set—and give your hair a smart set to-day!

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Use Amami Brilliantine on your hair and see the marvellous effect. A neat, polished loveliness—every hair sleek and shining.

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Crime And Punishment In Celluloid

Strangely enough Producer Kikubhai Desai of Paramount, who had hitherto specialised in putting on the screen pictures with crime themes, now announces the production of short features on the lines of the American "Crime Does Not Pay" series.

With the help of "Zabak", the popular newspaper columnist, Producer Kikubhai Desai has been able to secure the co-operation of the Commissioner of Police and will be soon giving us true thrilling stories of crime and their detection. The social significance of these films will be to point out that crime will always be detected and punishment meted out.

The first "Crime Interview", that will be dramatised, will unfold the nefarious workings of a gang of dacoits who captured newspaper headlines a few years ago. We congratulate Producer Kikubhai Desai and the Commissioner of Police on their joint efforts to give us an intelligent propaganda against crime and we hope that we will soon see many a thrilling picture on the screen that will help to nip crime in the bud.

Golden Opportunity To Advertisers

It is a welcome news that the Prabhat Film Company has at last taken a decisive step by entering the educational and short film field. The Prabhat Educational And Short Films Ltd., the new company that is floated, will, in addition to the production of educational features and newsreels, accommodate advertisers to produce commercial films at the Prabhat Studios in Poona.

Even a commercial film, advertising, say, a soap or a shoe, bearing the hall-mark of Prabhat, will prove intensely popular with all audiences. And with the Prabhat guarantee of country-wide distribution, which to say the least commands an audience of millions already, big advertising firms could not ask for greater and more effective publicity. And when one considers the technical finish and efficiency of the famous Prabhat Studios, the last argument in effective selling of goods will be secured.

We congratulate Prabhat for this new enterprise and hope that in the rush of commercial orders, which are pouring already, the educational film will not be forgotten.

READY FOR BOOKING

HIND PICTURES'
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SANDESA
STARRING:
NAZIR, YASMIN, ASHAK HUSSAIN
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BHAVNANI PRODUCTIONS'
LATEST SOCIAL - HIT
PREMNAGAR
STARRING:
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Scheduled for Release in April 1941

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Follow the STARS ★★

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"Whenever I take a trip to Bombay, I always visit Pursram's Emporium of Silks and I find new designs—new shades—in fact something new every time."

Specially so, now that we are having a SALE of our life-time.

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VANMALA—

Chic and smart, this talented artiste, after her debut in "Lapandav", will be seen in "Ghar Jawai", "Charnoki Dasi" and "Alexander the Great".

"COMMONSENSE CROSSWORD" No. 208

Which would you rather have ? Rs.25,000, or Rs.24,000 plus one month's luxury holiday in Kashmir for two people, including first class return fares from your address and first class hotel and houseboat accommodation arranged through Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd. ? A pretty problem! But you will have to solve it if yours is the best solution entered for the puzzle below. And even if it isn't you may well share in the additional Rs.10,000 that is set aside for Runners-up. Besides this there are Extra Prizes for entrants who make even as many as four errors, and Free Souvenir Gifts into the bargain ! But all the wishful thinking in the world won't bring you any of these rewards. Some practice now on the Square below may be the little extra effort that brings you First Prize !

CLUES ACROSS

1. Some of yours may well be realized if you solve this puzzle carefully
5. To heal or soothe
9. Too many turn a deaf one to truth
10. Electrical component
12. Outer covering
13. Not mourned
15. Snake-like fish
16. People who are very much this usually attract attention
18. Children are easily terrified by one
20. Such persons are sometimes surprisingly obstinate
22. Man who has never been this often lacks sympathy towards those who are
24. Festival
27. We are often more influenced than we realize by things which we this
29. Slender stick
30. Used to have
31. Patch of shade
34. To stop or check
36. Romantic ones seem to be more popular with women than with men
37. Volcanic matter
38. People often unwittingly reveal themselves by a this
39. People with a tendency to this are liable to prove embarrassing as friends
40. How often is such a person his own worst enemy !

CLOSING DATE, APRIL 10th.

N.B.—The Entry Fee in this Competition is Re. 1 per Entry Square and Entry Forms will be published in the issues of March 16th, 23rd and 30th.

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ONLY ENTRY FORMS
CUT OUT FROM
"THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA"
of March 16th, 23rd, or 30th
will be accepted.

CLUES DOWN

1. Impressionable women often seem unable to this plausible rogue, even when victimized by one
2. When a person does this he is apt to talk irresponsibly
3. Probably most men enjoy the company of a lively one occasionally
4. Female hog
6. In motion
7. They are often hypocrites who profess to regard gambling as this
8. Conclusion
11. Tidy
14. People who do this to achieve success usually have strong characters
17. Alas, we often have cause to rue thoughtless this
18. We live beneath them
19. Persons lacking imagination are seldom able to this people well
20. People who are unduly this seldom make good parents
21. Intoxication sometimes makes a cautious man's speech this
22. Great this sometimes has effect of making one feel physically weak
23. Jumbled spelling of *shares*
25. Sweet smells
26. Shrewd business man usually knows when rival firm is this
28. Rodent
32. Reversed spelling of word meaning *guided*
33. How adept is the average woman at getting round one !
35. Light-hearted

COPIES AVAILABLE FROM ALL NEWSAGENTS

The EDITOR'S MAIL

[In this section, the editor himself replies to queries from the readers. As thousands of letters are received every month—some anxious and several frivolous—it is neither possible nor convenient to attend to all. Selected letters are usually treated in an informative and humorous strain and no offence is meant to anyone.]

Phakir Kundu (Kharagpore)

I long to see Leela Chitnis. Will she never come to Calcutta?

She will, if you fix her up to give a performance in aid of the War Fund, and provided she has forgotten the thrilling reception given to her by the over-affectionate Lahore students when she went there last.

M. A. Subhan (Bhagalpur)

The cinema owner of my town is a money making machine. He never shows good pictures. What shall we do?

Ask all the boys in your college to stop going to his theatre. Pass a resolution condemning his money-making methods in showing cheap pictures. Persuade others in the town not to visit the show house. If necessary, picket the theatre and create public opinion against the man. Within three months, if the man still wants to run his business, he will be forced to bring good pictures and in good time. Students should not be milk-sops. The future is theirs and they can get what they want. But they must organize and demand.

B. S. D. Swamy (Mysore)

I recently came to know that Leela Chitnis has opened a new production company!

Really? What does she produce?

V. R. Bashyam (Marekuppam)

Do you think a picture with you as the hero, your secretary as the heroine and Mr. Ahmed Abbas as the villain, would be a success?

No! Abbas would ruin the picture with his childish villainy and the heroine would have to commit suicide.

Has "Zabak" a part interest in "Zambak"?

No, a full one in "Humbug."

Deo Dutt Dixit (Chandausi)

What is "film technique"?

It is a mysterious word that covers like a blanket all the funny experiments of so-called great directors in India. In Hollywood, it means the scientific art of framing and presenting pictures.

Why is the last cover of "filmindia" always reserved for Ranjit?

It is Ranjit's advertisement and the space is bought by them on a long term contract.

M. M. Moorthy (Anantapur)

Please tell me something about Atre and Vanmala?

Something would hardly be enough. To appreciate them I must tell you everything and everything just can't be told here.

Bimla Kumari and Husna Banu will come to the screen together in "Prem Nagar" to be released through Brilliant Pictures Ltd.

N. R. Anand (Rohri)

I am in the 5th standard. I want to act in films. Please consider me as your son.....

Considered. Now I insist on your completing your studies first. There is plenty of time afterwards for acting.

Abid Abbas (Muttra)

I understand that Motilal is very fond of "filmindia"?

Yes, more so when his own photographs with Madhuri are printed. I am told that, nowadays, he frames these photos.

Miss K. Vanajakshi (Nagenahalli)

Has Mr. Baburao Patel even a nodding acquaintance with Kanerese?

Not with the language but only recently I nodded to the Kanarese literary giants at Bangalore and bestowed a little more than a mere nod to some sweet Kanarese charmers.

Don't you think that Director Kardar is coming nearer to Director Shantaram in direction?

Kardar has been coming for a long time now.

Nur Jehan doesn't seem to like Kantilal so near in "Sasural" a Ranjit picture.

I will tell you when he comes. In the meanwhile Shantaram is running away from him with every new picture.

I. C. Lalla (Quetta)

Is Snehaprabha, the heroine of "Punar Milan" and Prabha, the heroine of "Ummid" the same person? If not, who is Pradhan?

The first one is Pradhan not merely in name but in talents too. Prabha and Snehaprabha are two different girls.

A. K. Pitamber (Lahore)

I think you would oblige millions of admirers of the "elephant" if you do not publish the reviews of N. T. films. They make us think that there is some personal grievance behind your writings.

There cannot be any personal grievance as I am not a blind follower of trade-marks like you. I take pride in being an intellectual picture-goer and the day Prabhat stops giving good pictures, it will also taste the lash from my pen as N. T. is doing now. A journalist has no axe to grind. A good picture is my only demand, whoever produces it. If the elephant had millions of admirers, as you presume, "Andhi" and "Har Jeet" would not have failed miserably. Where were those sincere millions then? Why did they not come and feed the elephant? It would have been a better gesture than shouting at me. If you are all admirers of the elephant why don't you occasionally visit the zoo? It will be a better pastime than seeing some of the flops produced by New Theatres recently. Why don't you all write to B. N. Sircar of New Theatres and ask him to produce better pictures?

K. M. Patel (Dar-Es-Salaam)

May I ask why the editor of "filmindia" is keeping a young handsome lady as a secretary?

Now, you are asking for business secrets. By the way, I am not keeping her, I am employing her, if you don't mind. And now, read elsewhere in this issue her confessions and you will know why.

M. S. Badat (Durban)

Kindly let me know where Shanta Hublikar, the girl who gave such a marvellous performance in 'Admi', is at present?

You will soon see her in "Prabhat" a social story produced by Tarun Pictures.

Miss Leila Pershad (Delhi)

Hasn't Leela Chitnis spoilt her career by appearing in "Ghar-ki-Rani," such a rotten picture which is not worth seeing?

Good and bad pictures are all in the day's job to an artiste. A bad picture often becomes a popular

one because of its success. And a really good one escapes notice, because it has failed to draw. In any case, the artiste has no choice. Didn't Leela make up for all that she lost in "Bandhan"?

I want to get a nice photo of Snehaprabha Pradhan?

Write to her at Ferreira Mansions, Mahim, Bombay and she will certainly send you one.

Why does not Prithviraj sing on the screen?

I think he did once with Sabita and the result was naturally heart-breaking. That cured Prithviraj of the pretensions.

Lakhipal S. Nain (Khurja)

Why does Sitara play the heroine in every picture directed by Kardar? Is there something.....?

Yes, there is something but not what you feel like smelling. There is a business agreement between them and it is businesslike.

C. N. Dhanamjai (Bangalore)

Leela Desai's dancing tour, I believe, was only to extract money and not to give any good entertainment to the people or show the technique of art?

I am sorry to hear that Leela has failed to satisfy you. Of late, this stage dancing business has become more a racket and we find so many pseudo-dancers giving uninvited shows under the gentle pretence of reviving the ancient Indian art of dancing and the people do not know which shows to see. But Leela, who, I am told, has made a special study of this art, ought to have given greater satisfaction, I am sure, Leela is not touring cashing her screen name.

Watu H. Gursahaney (Mirpurkhas)

In which picture has Miss Snehaprabha Pradhan given her best performance?

Miss Pradhan is a very talented artiste and almost every performance of hers is excellent. But I liked her most in "Punar Milan" where she played the heroine and gave an excellent performance inspite of Kishore Sahu being the hero.

Don't you think that Indian girls from good society should keep away from the film career?

No. On the other hand, they should join the films with both the eyes open, take up the screen as a serious career, behave themselves correctly and ultimately drive out the small number of bad people who are still in the industry. At present several of the so-called good girls excel the reputed bad ones in their doings.

Abbasali Jamal (Raipur)

In "Mala" a new actress called Hira has worked. Can you tell me something about her?

She comes from your town. She is the daughter of an advocate. Her name is Hirakumari alias Norma Chaube. She is young, at sweet seventeen and has a sweet voice in addition. She is at present under contract with National Studios and will be soon seen in "Nirdosh" a social picture.

K. R. Narayansingh (Ujjain)

Whenever I see a tragic picture, a permanent stain of sadness is marked on my heart?

Alcohol is a good stain remover.

Why do men generally talk of actresses?

To underline their own manhood.

B. V. Raghavaiah (Gudur)

Is it a fact that Naseem and Chandramohan are going to start a film concern?

They have already started one and together they have become the concern of Circo.

Which is the best picture produced in Telugu?

"Sumangali" produced by Vauhini Pictures. It is the best in the South and one of the few best in India.

Is Devika Rani resuming her screen career?

Not till she is assured of a good reception.

As brother and sister in "Pardesi" Motilal and Snehaprabha team together for the first time and make the picture a huge success for Ranjit.

Mahesh Trivedi (Ahmedabad)

Hitherto I had a wrong impression of Sardar Chandulal Shah. I thought you were praising him because he was your friend. But now I understand that the Sardar gives scholarships to several deserving students and we have one Bharat Thakkar, a student, actually getting it in our class.

It is very easy to get wrong impressions about others, particularly about successful people. Few people know Sardar Chandulal as I do. To him money is not the end, it is the means. Last year he gave away over sixty-thousand rupees to the famine-stricken people of Kathiawar, though during the year he lost over a hundred thousand in business. Many practice charity when they make money, but few indulge in it even when they lose. Sardar Chandulal is a silent donor who gives and keeps mum. Many students are indebted to him for their brilliant careers. So next time when you pay for his pictures remember that you secure a share of his quiet charities as well. I am not sure, he will like my telling this, but then he doesn't like many things about me.

P. K. Mammoo (Bombay)

I am one of the greatest admirers of Devika Rani. For a month I waited to see her. I searched and searched. But in vain. Can you help me to see her?

I can't. She seems to have made up her mind not to see any one sent by me. Besides, she wants an application in advance, stating business etc., on receipt of which she might find time—that is, if she is not too busy. You should better drop the idea, I think.

Hiro J. Makhijani (Lahore)

Who are the stars working in Minerva's "Alexander The Great"?

None of them are stars yet. But if the picture becomes a success, some of them may become stars. There is a girl called Vanmala (Atre 'find') and Sohrab Mody (his own 'find'), the only ones known for the present.

Between "Raj Nartaki" and "Vidyapati" I prefer "Vidyapati".

Go ahead and prefer it.

S. H. Dhupelia (Durban)

What is the latest news about Surendra?

He hasn't met with any new accidents yet.

I see that almost all the expensive artistes have joined Circo. Hasn't this affected other studios?

Yes, it has. They now produce pictures at less cost, score better success and make more money. All their responsibility has been taken over by Circo.

Ram Chander Jain (Roorkee)

Please write something of Radha Rani of Wadia Movietone?

Now, here is a charmer who looks at you with both the eyes wide open but when you begin looking into her eyes, she closes hers. She sings well, having a delicate voice. She dances well with a seductive figure. And she looks swell from a hundred yards. That is about the distance between the projector and the screen. You will see Radha in Wadia's "Manthan" and Kardar's "Swami".

Here is Shanta Hublikar in the midst of some attractive stuff in "Prabhat" a social picture of Tarun Pictures.

Avtar Singh (Lahore)

To which company does Modhu Bose belong?

To the Sadhona Bose company which gives screen plays, stage plays and dance performances.

J. Mishra (Bhagalpur)

I always dream of Naseem, the beauty queen. Do you also fancy her?

Of course, I do, but I dare not dream as I sleep at home.

It is a long time that Rampyari is not seen on the screen. I presume that Devaki Bose has married her?

Don't be silly. Devaki Bose is not that mad. D. K. is happily married already.

Jagdish Kumar (Naini)

I think Snehaprabha has an adorable form. What do the judges say?

The same, without getting the chance to see the form and adore it.

M. M. Haq (Nowgong)

We have not seen D. Billimoria and Sulochana for a long time on the screen. Where are they?

Behind the screen?

Massand J. G. (Karachi)

What is Padma Devi doing now after "Hindusthan Hamara"?

She is working in a Bengali picture of New Theatres.

Hemandra Nath (Chandausi)

Many friends say that Baburao Patel is unnecessarily against the New Theatrs. How shall I convince them that he is impartial?

Show them "Andhi" and "Har Jeet." If that doesn't convince them, put their eyes out. They are of no use.

T. Sreeramulu (Kadiam)

Have we any actor of the type of Paul Muni?

Yes, we have one in Nagiah of Vauhini. If given a chance, he will not be far off the mark.

A Request To The Readers

Recently, I have been receiving too many love letters from impetuous college girls. They all want to marry me, in the first instance. Failing that some of them suggest other ways! This is really sheer waste of energy. I am a married man and I remain so only because being a Hindu, my wife cannot divorce me. It was a great disappointment to her when Dr. Deshmukh's Divorce Bill was thrown out in the Assembly.

At 37, with fast greying hair I am not such a 'catch.' My wife thinks, I never was. She is trying to rectify her mistake by making the best of a bad job. So why not leave me alone. Besides, my secretary often gets jealous because she doesn't receive as many letters from the other side.....Your Editor.

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Confessions Of Miss Rita Carlyle

Down South With Baburao Patel

Oh! What a Holiday!

By: Miss Rita Carlyle

Secretary to the Editor

(In due fulfilment of a promise, rashly given, Miss Carlyle's article goes in here without censoring.....The Editor)

"Rita, Rita....where the hell is that girl now?" shouts Baburao Patel the six-foot editor of "film-india." And that voice has 217 pounds of thunder and authority behind it. So you go running to him with the powder puff still in hand and he looks at you frowning and mutters "What a time for vanity?" He has already forgotten that only a few minutes back he, himself, had detected a shining spot on my nose and said "Rita, I don't like shining noses." You say: "Excuse me" and get about powdering that part to which a little natural shine is denied. But before you are finished with it, something has stuck in Baburao Patel's throat and he is trying to vomit it out.

"Rita, did you weigh the luggage?" "Rita, did you buy some papers for the journey?" "Rita, where is my camera?" (that camera, ofcourse, was never used. But, as Baburao Patel had intentions, it had to be carried all over the South).

"Rita, did you count the packages?" Before you wrap up each question with a "yes", he is ready with another and by the time he has finished he has asked you even the minutest details of the luggage, found a hundred faults with everything you have done, and when you frown he has already given you one of those disarming broad smiles of his with a heavy pat on the back, meaning that it is all peace with him.

That is Baburao Patel a fault-finding mechanism more accurate than the best precision instrument from Germany.

THICK AS THIEVES

Suddenly, he turns to his crowd of friends on the platform who had come to wish him farewell at the Victoria Terminus. He talks to all of them at the same time and every one feels that it is an individual talk. Special attention is, ofcourse, paid to Baburao Pai of Prabhat. They are thick as thieves. Their conversation is always in lower notes which only the two of them can pick up, due to fairly long practice. All that you, as the onlooker, sometimes hear is the sudden laugh from one or the other. And let me tell you that both the Baburaos laugh loudly enough to wake up a dead man from his last sleep.

They are now discussing a project of educational films. They had to do it on the platform, five minutes before the departure of the train, because though they meet twice a day and have hours together they have still not found time enough for serious business. So the educational films are on the anvil and a new company is soon born on the platform, both the Baburaos having been in whispered labour for five minutes.

Journalists, producers, distributors, friends and Mr. Parker (Baburao Patel's partner) they are all there. When the train is detained for a few minutes, they all look worried, not because the train would not start but because Babu-

On the sets of "Thalli Prema" at the Newtone Studios. Seated from left to right:—Mr. Sarathy, Miss Hemlata, Miss Kannamba, Miss Carlyle, Mr. B. Patel and Mr. Ramnatham Chettiar.

rao Patel might change his mind and not go to Madras after all. Baburao Patel's friends, even the best-meaning from the lot, look enthusiastically forward to the idea of Baburao leaving Bombay and leaving them alone with their own business, at least for a time. For, Baburao Patel does not only mind his own business but also tries to run the business of his friends.

A GRAND HOLIDAY

The train starts. And all those on the platform look sympathetically at me. Good friends, that they are, they know what I am in for. Holiday, I was promised a holiday. "Rita, it will be a grand holiday for both of us. You know we have always worked hard and we deserve a bit of rest" Baburao Patel says this and looks at you and when he finds that you are rather slow in appreciating his thought, he smiles and says "Don't we deserve a holiday sweetheart?" Who disputed that? We do deserve it but the point is whether we will get it.

That's Baburao Patel. When he wants someone's O.K. to his ideas, then all the sweet words in the dictionary like: "sweetheart", "darling", "dear", "kid", "child", "pet", "my dear", "honey", are used irrespective of the sex. He is irresistible in arguments and you agree with him, though all the while there is a feeling within you that you are not convinced.

The train has moved out of the platform. He looks about and out of the window. Baburao Patel has no interest in the fast moving panorama. To him ,like Dr. Johnson, if you see one green field you have seen all the green fields. He must have something to do every minute and something new.

"Rita, what a crowd. I wonder, how all these people came to know that I was going", said innocently, but forgetting that for a month previously he had been sharpening the anticipation of his friends about his absence from Bombay by threatening them with his Madras tour. And naturally the friends, suspended between anticipation and optimism, had phoned me from day to day with the one oft-repeated question: "When is he really going?" And they had all come to the platform in full force to make sure that he went. Looking at their faces I could see the common conspiracy of thought so sympathetically running through the minds of all—of-course, with a distant fear that Baburao Patel may still change his mind. You say, "I wonder how they really came to know" and though he knows the truth he likes to dwell on the illusion which his imagination creates so often. That gives food for his vanity. And take it from me that that Baburao Patel has more pride and vanity than a hundred men put together.

HIS MONOPOLY OF BRAINS

"Give me the time-table" says the editor suddenly. And when he sees the turned corner indicating the correct place, he looks at you and smiles knowingly, meaning, of-course "that is the only intelligent thing you have done since you were born." Baburao Patel never pays compliments. When something is done rightly, he registers pleasant surprise on his fat, chubby face. Somehow, he cannot believe that there are other people in the world, who can also be efficient. A hard task master, he probably punishes himself more than those working with him. "You haven't any brains. You can be excused but I can't be. It is stupid of me to make that mistake.'" Having taken the complete monopoly of brains in these words,

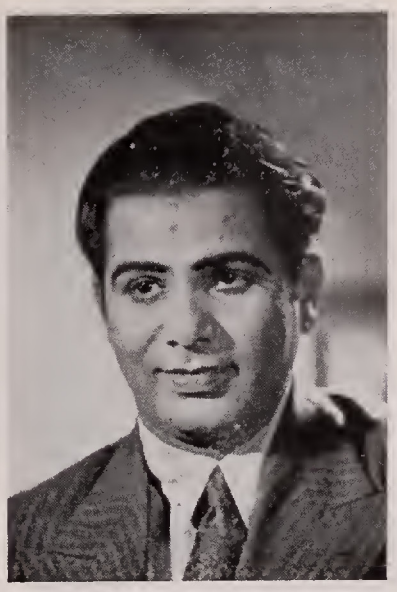
With Kannamba and Hemlata at the Newtone Studios—"Very soon, Baburao Patel had both the girls interested and giggling.....".

he proceeds to punish himself by revising things with a lot of personal hard work.

That time-table soon gives the cue. "Who is our agent in Raichur?" "How many copies does he take?" "Any returns?" "Is he a good paymaster?" "What does he owe us today?" "When did he make us the last payment?" "How many posters do you send him?" "Does he sell any other papers?" "What is the population?" "Any schools or colleges?" "What is the local industry that gives the readers the buying power?" Oh! a hundred questions which need instantaneous replies and correct ones too. For, he knows it all and I often feel that he is merely giving me an exercise. A little mistake and he comes out "I don't think so. Note that down and verify when you go to the office."

IRRESISTIBLE PUNJABIS

He had already reached Madras with these questions when the train stopped at Dadar and Director Kardar and Nanda rushed into the compartment. Both these directors are rather affectionate, having come from the sunny land of the Five Rivers. They don't shake hands. They embrace people. And both of them embraced Baburao heartily. And then they looked at me. My heart jumped into my mouth. Would they do it to me also? A most embarrassing minute passed leisurely. They suddenly smiled and said "Are you also going Miss Carlyle? And their hands were there for shaking. My heart quietly slid into its original place. Oh, what a relief! The situation was saved and I was on my feet again.



Nagiah is perhaps the best singer in the South. He has melody plus emotion. He will be soon seen and heard in Vauhini's "Devata."

We got down to the platform. The M.S.M. compartment was too small to hold Baburao Patel, Nanda and Kardar all together. Kardar the "my dear" director of the industry, "my deared" Baburao Patel a thousand times during the ten minutes that the train stopped at Dadar. With sweet and melodious phonetics, Kardar spoke and sighed in Urdu and every heart on the platform seemed to melt with the pathetic parting of two friends. Nanda, the irresistible go-getter, honest and rough-cut, rapped out "Babu, come back soon. I won't start my picture till you come." By now, a large crowd had collected. The loud affection of these friends can make the Sahara a buzzing place. Poor me, I just looked on and heard. That was the hot stuff Baburao Patel was dealing with every day. They are deep in their affections and quick in their tempers. Between "My dear" and "Babu" the train moved out of Dadar.

"Oh these Punjabees! They are all like that—affectionate and temperamental." That was Baburao's verdict and he settled down with the time-table for more questions about the agents.

LIKES HIS OWN VOICE

My holiday had begun. I was getting complete 'rest' with the thousand and one questions. Years spent in keeping and memorising the statistics were now being revived under a fast volley of questions. Baburao Patel had no one else but me as the only target. In the office the shocks would have been absorbed by a dozen others. But here,

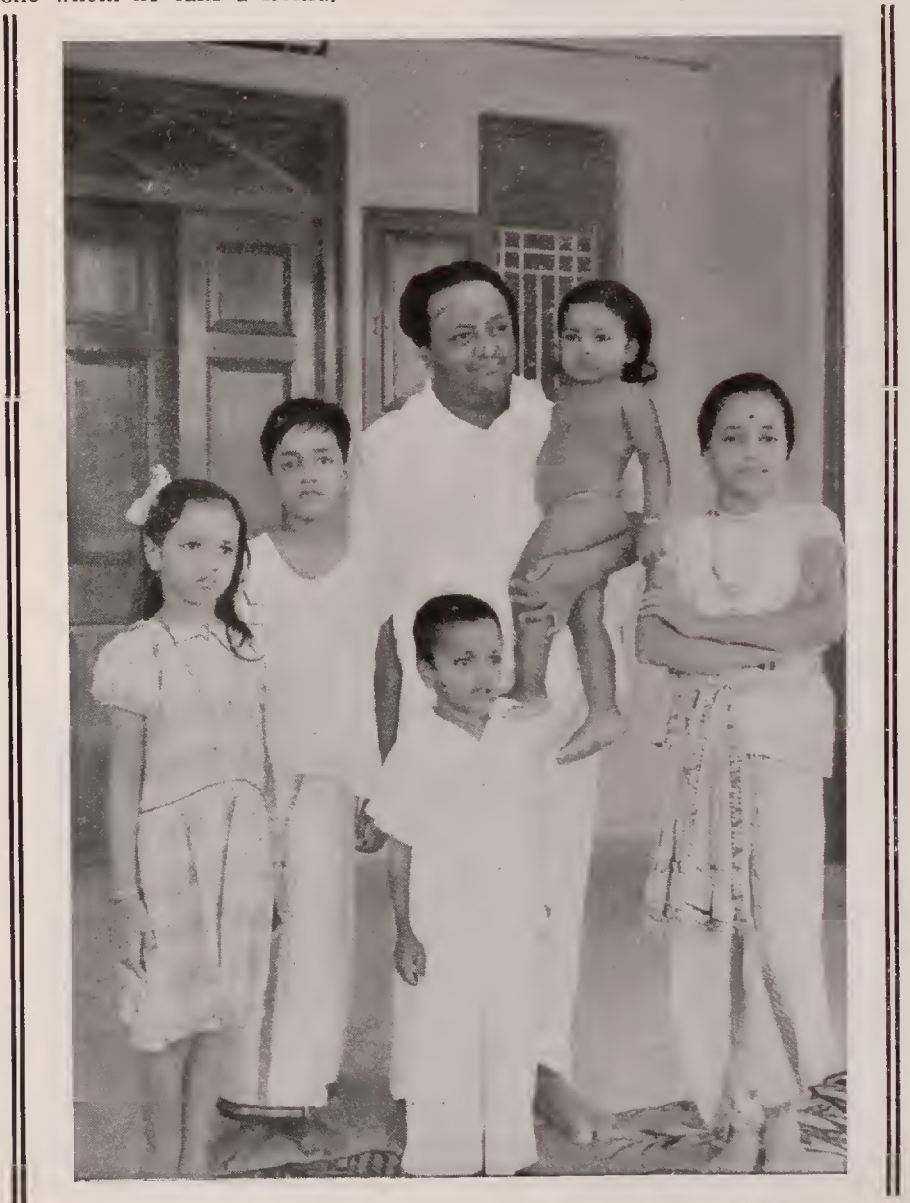
At the party given by Mr. K. Subrahmanyam at his residence. In the centre are seated Mr. Baburao Patel and Miss. Carlyle.

I was alone—and on a holiday. "It will be a grand holiday for both of us, Rita" Those words I was rolling in my mind. The holiday had begun taking a grand shape.

Kalyan, Karjat, Lonavla, Poona—all throughout so far, not one minute was lost. Questions came at the rate of one a minute. Faults were found at the rate of two a minute. And between proverbs and lectures we travelled on our "holiday." Even the train seemed to run faster—away from this man who likes his own voice so much that he likes to can it in the ears of every one whom he calls a friend.

"An idle mind is a devil's workshop"—that came when I closed my eyes for a moment to relax. With Baburao Patel you must think and think furiously every minute but not in advance of him. Your speed of thinking must synchronise with his. If it is faster than you get "Don't be smart", if it is slower then "Oh, what a dumb-bell! Haven't you any brains?"

And with this man, I have spent years and I am still holding the job with the same "certainty" with which I began on the first day. But let me turn to my "holiday."



After all, Subrahmanyam is not so harmless as people think. Ever Smiling and generous to a fault Director K. Subrahmanyam seems to be having a lovely crowd of his own. The eldest is, of course, Lalita.

Did I forget the other passengers? Yes, we had four others. I wonder what they thought of us talking all the while. One of them had to bear right till Madras. He did seem like needing first aid at the end of it.

MANAGE ONE, MANAGE ALL

Baburao Patel not only knew everything about his own business, but he did manage to get everything out of the other passengers. One of them was an oil company inspector and under the fire of questioning—ofcourse, more subtle and soothing with strangers—we knew that petrol would be soon rationed, that the prices per gallon of petrol would shoot up—that Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer has a son employed in Rally Brothers—that Sir Alladi, the Advocate-General of Madras is a simple short and unassuming person—that the Aiyangars were Vaishnavites and the Aiyars were Shaivites—that Tamilians were commercial and the Telugus emotional—that the Tamilians were hard-working while the Telugus took things more easily. Oh, just imagine Baburao Patel at his throat for a day and a half—asking, asking and still asking. The poor man even told us of his sweetheart beside his wife and took some expert advice from Baburao Patel. A million things—too numerous for an article—were taken out from the man who took forty years to know what he had to shell out within a day and half.

Breaking for dinner Baburao Patel still talked, his interest in food being, as usual, casual—we thought that we had all worked hard for a good night's sleep. The conventional preparations prior to actual sleep were made but just then Baburao Patel wondered about humidity and one of the passengers, who had a flare for star-gazing entered into a discussion. Between my boss and that man the entire weather of the world was discussed effectively till the climate in the compartment became too warm and oppressive.

THEY BEGIN COMING

Morning, we reached Adoni and a crowd of over sixty students called for Baburao Patel. They were his **"filmindia" fans, who asked for**

Rajkumari, chic and sweet, becomes a new star in "Kacha Devyani" directed by K. Subrahmanyam.

autographs and talked of better pictures. But they had come to learn something from Mr. Patel, and they left leaving behind all about Adoni, its population, trade, cinemas, schools, institutions, Hindu-Muslim ratio, its politics. Baburao Patel interviewed them and got everything out in exchange for his autographs.

What surprised me was the affection with which the students regarded Baburao Patel. They looked up to him in all filmic matters and when Baburao said "Don't see bad pictures and ultimately the producers will be compelled to give you good ones", they promised obedience. As the train moved, "Baburao Patel-Ki-Jai" went forth enthusiastically, a cry which I was destined to hear a hundred times on this tour.

At Guntakal, the railway employees seemed to be mighty interested in "filmindia." I am sure that the ticket collectors must have let off many ticketless passengers in their rush to meet Baburao Patel and obtain his autograph. The students, ofcourse, made their noisy appearance and talked in chorus, all together, about the rotten pictures they were getting.

They seemed to consider the Telugu pictures better in value than the Tamil ones.

At Renigunta, Messrs. N. V. Chari and P. Balu, two sworn supporters of "filmindia", led a large batch of fans, to go through the very same routine that was observed at the previous stations. But relief here was provided by the lads getting tiny oranges as presents. Those oranges did prove useful, after the whistle, to wet our parched throats through the hot belt that the train was travelling.

By this time, Baburao Patel's popularity was getting boring to everyone including me except, ofcourse, himself. So all in the compartment looked forward to the smaller stations and hoped that the train would stop longer there than at the bigger ones.

AT MADRAS AT LAST

Through dust and heat and the unending questions of Baburao Patel at last we reached Madras next day evening at five-thirty.

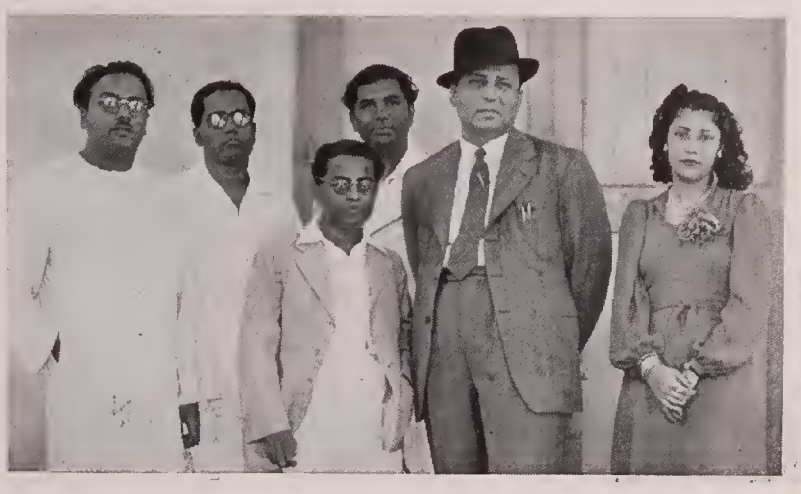
The first man to welcome our editor was the ever smiling Mr. K. Subrahmanyam of Madras United Artists and with him was his charming little daughter Lalitha. Behind these two was a full back ground of producers, distributors, exhibitors and journalists of the South.

"Where is your Secretary" asked Mr. Subrahmanyam and as I heard it and saw the large crowd, I trembled out of the compartment only to be choked by flowers and garlands. They all shook hands with me. In their simple unsophisticated, kind and sincere way they just took my hands, whichever was available, and shook them—permission or no permission. I liked it. It was so different from the calculated and detached politeness we generally meet in Bombay. These folks of the South have more humanity in them and seem to lead a more sentimental life than those in the smoky city of Bombay.

I looked around for Baburao Patel. He was looking like a huge arbor of flowers. There were enough flowers on him to get fifty maidens married without shortage. Then came the conventional press photographs and the garlands had to be unloaded to expose the human beings below.

MACHINE GUN SHOOTING

Introductions over, Baburao Patel got going. He wanted to know everyone, everything, and everyone's business in addition. As if from a



After "Sumangali". From left to right:—Mr. B. N. Reddy, Mr. Sekhar, Mr. Ramnath, Mr. Nagiah, Mr. Baburao Patel and Miss Rita Carlyle.

fast firing machine gun came the inevitable questions, punctuated with smiles, frowns and groans, and question after question the veil over the South Indian Film industry was torn down bit by bit.

Cars waiting. We took Mr. Subrahmanyam's. You can't refuse anything to him, for he gives his all —smile and heart—whole heartedly.

"Rita did you pay the coolies?" that was Baburao Patel. Anticipating the rest, I said "Yes, and counted the bags, put them into the car and everything is O.K." He stared and smiled, surprised, probably, that I had some brains.

To the Connemara Hotel, with everyone behind. Baburao Patel asking, friends replying. A polite reminder about a bath and little rest goes unheard. "Rita, get the diary". "Suppose we see "Shakuntalai" at 9-30" "You know I have very little time and I have to see so many things" Mr. Subrahmanyam looks at me and says: "Miss Carlyle would probably like to rest after the long journey." But before I could say anything, Baburao Patel was out with, "Oh, no, she is a very hard worker. She beats me in endurance. And she has been wanting to see the Tamil pictures for a long time." Every word was far far from the truth and yet before anyone could utter a word Baburao Patel had fixed up Mr. Sarathy's (of Madras Theatres) car at 9 p.m., arranged about the dinner at 8 p.m., given his evening dress for pressing and wished everyone farewell for the time.

"Get ready by eight, Rita, We'll have a quiet dinner and a picture after that. They make good pictures in these parts." The last sentence was a sort of an apology for the rushing tactics.

OUR FIRST TAMIL TORTURE

Dinner was really quiet. Baburao Patel can't speak and eat at the same time. And because he misses the talking part, he eats less, much too little for his size.

Sharp at nine thirty, we were at the Prabhat Talkies, Broadway to see "Shakuntalai". This theatre, which is considered the best in the South, was full. M. S. Subbulaxmi the star of the picture is a crowd catcher and she brings them all to hear herself sing and act. Mr. Sarathy with his irrepressible manager Mr. Kannabiran was all attention. As the lights went out, a slide came on the screen "We welcome Mr. Baburao Patel, the editor of "filmindia" to our city."

That started it. In a minute, the crowds in the front rows stood up and looked back at the box where we were seated. The lights had to be switched on for a few minutes to give them all a chance to see Baburao Patel. And in that light I saw Baburao Patel blush. He does blush very often, this big bully of a man, especially when he is off guard.

"Shakuntalai" was a great disappointment. I could hear Baburao Patel saying that the directon was

They were all there at the station to receive him. In the foreground are little Lalitha, Baburao Patel, Miss Rita Carlyle and Mr. K. Subrahmanyam.

too poor, that the technique was primitive and that the recording was awful. Add to all this the Tamil language with its harsh phonetics and remember what Baburao Patel had said only a little while ago. "They make good pictures in these parts." Even the great Subbulaxmi, reputed for her singing, sounded less melodious. The only thing good about this programme was the clean and scrupulously well kept theatre and we were both pleased to get away from the picture. The picture had taken us into the next date but late though it was, it was still early enough for the next day's programme. "Mr. Jayantilal is arriving to-day from Bangalore, Rita. He will be here in the morning at eight with Mr. Subrahmanyam. So better be ready before that."

THE "HOLIDAY" BEGINS IN RIGHT EARNEST

On the 21st long before the hour of eight had struck, Mr. Patel was at the telephone for half an hour talking to friends and making engagements for the next two days.

At eight came Mr. Jayantilal Thakore (of Famous Pictures, Bangalore), Mr. Subrahmanyam, Mr. Sarathy, Mr. Rama Rao (of South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce) and several others and one by one the hours for the next two days were ticked off for work and the "grand holiday" that was promised gradually receded into obscurity.

An informal visit to the South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce involved a close perusal of several files of the numerous activities of the Chamber. Mr. Rama Rao, perhaps the most efficient man for the job, has regulated the working of the Chamber so marvellously that Baburao Patel could not help but compliment him loudly to the utter embarrassment of the man concerned. Mr. Subrahmanyam's running commentary explaining the Chamber's numerous activities, spoken in soothing soft and precise words, was the only item in the whole affair that interested me personally. I liked this man immensely. He is so kind and considerate and there is nothing harsh and jarring about him. What a complete contrast he provided to the irresistible go-getter that Mr. Patel is—rushing, furious, dynamic, quick, blunt, rough, efficient, in fact, every thing in sharp and in speed.

SOUTH INDIAN GOOD LOOKERS

The next item began with a visit to the Newtone Studios. This is perhaps the only studio that is busy in the South. There are several independent producers working in this place and the picture that was on the sets when we went is called "Thalli Prema" (Mother's Love). It has two good looking girls working in it, Kannamba and Hemlata, and they are good natured too.

Baburao Patel, as is usual with him when he sees new faces particularly of the fair sex, was all smiles and sweet looks and the girls did look flattered when the well known journalist talked to them so sweetly and with such different concern. He even said that Telugu sounded more beautiful than Tamil and that seemed to please Kannamba. Baburao has patented his methods of approach through long practice and they rarely fail. Very soon, he had both the girls interested and giggling and an enterprising cameraman shot them that way.

I developed a little weakness for Hemlata. She was educated and sweet and she has taken to the screen not so much for money as for her devotion to art.

Between Jiten Bannerjee and Dinshaw Irani they have quite and expert technical guidance and I am sure, "Thalli Prema" will be a picture worth seeing and we shall certainly see a bit of Kannamba's own direction in it, for, Kannamba, being a third partner in the show, seemed mighty worried about things being done the right way. But did I forget Director Nandlal who chaperoned us through the studios? Only we couldn't always understand what he spoke but as his intentions were always good and his heart of gold, we didn't mind the words which rushed out too fast for us to hold in our ears.

A NEW MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

Back at the Connemara for lunch, we had K. R. Narayan of the "Sunday Times" waiting to interview our editor. Narayan's approach was that of a devotee and Baburao who likes "puja" except when he has to give it, immediately found a corner in his heart for the honest, sincere Narayan, the journalist.

Narayan took a straight, eye-full look at me and finding everything

Mr. Subrahmanyam with his little one on his shoulders. Owing to his good nature, his several friends also sit there and foes on the neck.

alright decided to be friends. And I liked the careful young man, who doesn't mind even if his wife locks him out. He is so good natured. I can't say that of Baburao. He just refuses to stay where others would like to have him. He goes where he likes and pulls others with him.

Between Narayan and the boss. the South Indian Film Industry was once again on the anvil. Baburao Patel's strong he-man talk thrilled the passive interviewer. He remembered the roar but forgot the words. And like an ivy clinging to an oak, the younger man threw in his lot with the other. They became friends. But few know, friendship with Baburao Patel means pulling on one side only. It is just like lighting a candle in a room flooded with sunlight. I have met almost all friends of Baburao and though Baburao loves them deeply and respects them yet they all lean on him through good and bad times and he likes it that way.

OH! WHAT A THEATRE

The evening was devoted to K. Subrahmanyam's picture "Kacha Devyani." The picture, which, though, it had no stars in it, still seemed to be better produced than "Shakuntalai." There was a deft touch of experience in the shots and the man who did it seemed to know the laws of harmony and presentation. Ofcourse, the ear splitting Tamil was there, but as the eye was pleased the language sat easier on the ear.

But the theatre, alas. It is called the Gaiety but never have I seen so much purposeful design in destroying all possible gaiety. It is a shame to a progressive city like Madras. What are the diamond-studded Chettiars of the South doing for their province? Why don't they use a part of their huge wealth to build some decent theatres?

Baburao Patel thought that "Kacha Devyani" was not getting a chance to succeed and be popular. Even a good picture in bad environments will prove a flop. For, can entertainment ever be complete without good surroundings? However, one thing I still remember of the picture is the attractive little face of Rajkumari, the heroine of the story. She is chic and under good direction, her future is certainly rosy.

At the theatre, I met the charming S. D. Subbulaxmi. Sweet to a fault, she wins you with the very first smile. What an appropriate partner to the chivalrous Subrahmanyam! There are in business together and for their own sake, I wish them all success.

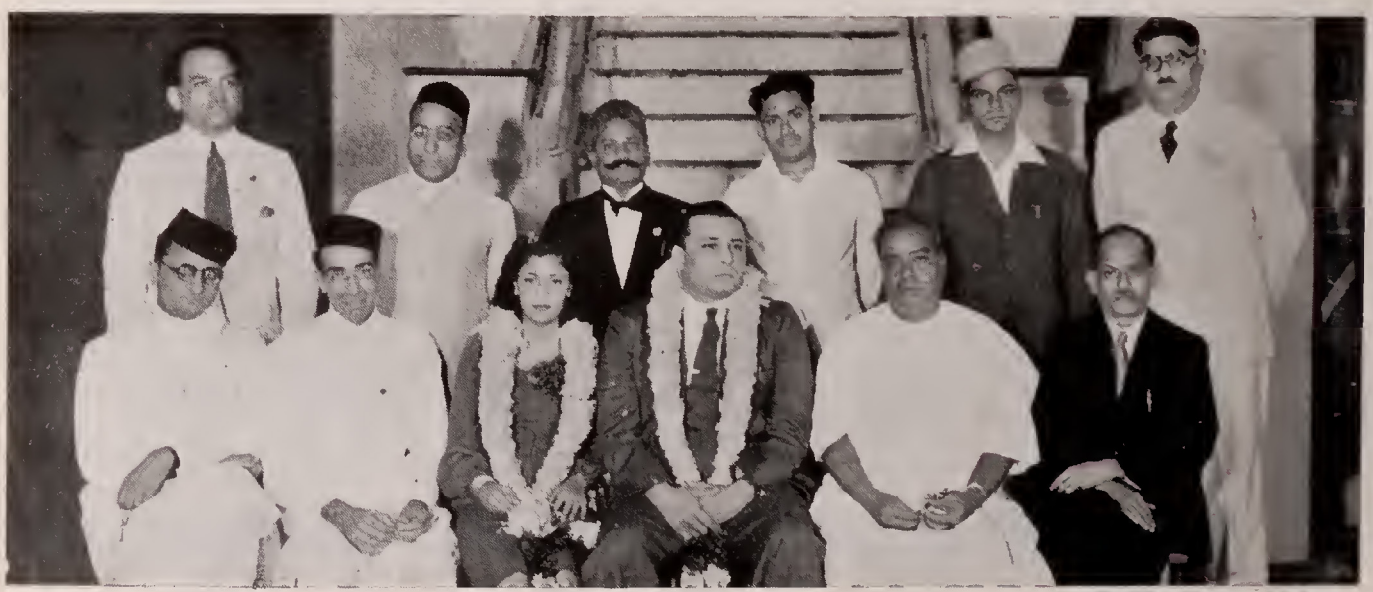
A HIT AND MUSS SCRAP

That night we cast the anchor at 1 a.m. of the 22nd February. At nine on this day, we had a date with Mr. S. S. Vasan otherwise known as "Gemini", once a journalist, for sometime a sportsman and now a film magnate.

To the minute, we called at his studios, but he was not there. He was still making his plans for the day at home.

We, however, met his Irish manager Mr. Moylan who with a lofty institutional "we" took us to his room and introduced us to his charming wife who also works for the studios as a stewardess or something, I didn't quite get.

One wonders how a nationalist like Vasan could not get any competent Indian to manage his studios. Moylan was, ofcourse, very polite. They are all polite to Baburao wishing all the while that they shouldn't be. Moylan even suggested a mug of beer, but coffee being the national drink of the South, Baburao Patel did not like to outrage the convention. There was not much to learn from Moylan about the film industry. He seemed to be good at furnishing and when the telephone bell rang with Vasan at the other end calling us home, we were a little more than relieved, though I would



At the Broadway Talkies, Madras. Sitting from left to right: Director Nandlal, Mr. Jayantilal Thakore, Miss R. Carlyle, Mr. Baburao Patel, Mr. M. T. Rajen, Mr. Sarathy.

have liked to stay a little longer with Mrs. Moylan, who radiates a charm that is individual.

Vasan and Baburao Patel together, at logger heads, is a treat for the gods. The gods here were, humble me with Jayantilal Thakore and Director Nandlal. With the very first flash, it became evident that this battle of wits would prove thundering. And it did. Both these dictators were not used to being questioned and when they questioned each other, out came the most dazzling flashes of intellectual arguments and withering sarcasm.

They began with the film industry and ended with the bane of capitalism without convincing each other. While one argued that he was practising benevolent capitalism for the good of the industry, the other believed that it was merely an attempt to use intelligence to justify a selfish exploitation. The entire discussion was too high brow intellectually and I was bored stiff. The sparks that flew took shape in mystic words like, "capitalism", "socialism", "social conscience", "exploitation" "sweated labour", "mass psychology." "Individualism" and several other "isms" except rheumatism which we, the hearers, had sitting to respect for two and half hours. It was a drawn match between two intellectual giants and I hope they meet again and they will, because the desire to beat the other down has been aroused in both.

THREE-IN-ONE PARTNERSHIP

Lunch over we were speeding towards the Vel Pictures Studio at Guindy. Situated in beautiful surroundings, this studio, which is controlled by M. T. Rajen, C. P. Sarathy and Jayantilal Thakore, has already paid 75% of the par-value of its shares in dividends. Just at present, it is waking up to break out into renewed activity but the three directors are taking their time "thinking" about it. It is an ideal team as Director Subrahmanyam puts it: "Rajan prays and talks of retiring to the Himalayas, Sarathy rushes and starts a quarrel and Jayantilal sits down and gives his blessings with utter optimism. And between them all the studio stops working." They must get some one to work it now for the benefit of the three.

THE PRINCE IN TEMPER.

Evening brought us to the official reception of the South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Subrahmanyam presided and inspite of a previous warning to the contrary committed Baburao to speak. And Baburao Patel spoke. The speech is reproduced elsewhere in this issue, but its effect I give below in the words of "The Sunday Times" of Madras.

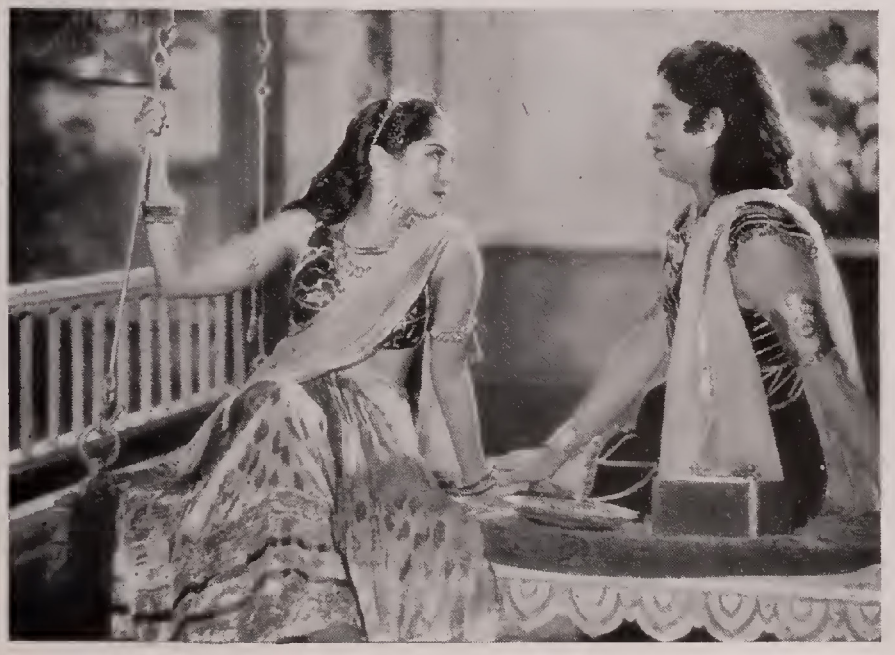
"Shocked, incredulous but spellbound was his mixed audience of producers, distributors, exhibitors, technicians, artistes and journalists when he was forced to speak, unprepared as he was, at the meeting ....The impassioned speech was arresting, though few could have seen eye to eye with all he said"

The electrifying words of Baburao benumbed the audience for a time but immediately the speech was over, the spell was broken and whispers and murmurs of protest started but it was too late. Baburao Patel had switched on his best smile and looked kindly at everyone. The lion had roared and settled down to sleep. But those present were thrilled enough not to forget the impassionate and yet superbly eloquent outburst of the "Prince of Film Journalists", as the South calls Baburao Patel.

A quick dinner, and we were again taken to see Director Subrahmanyam's educational shorts. From 9-30 p.m. to midnight, we departed on a pilgrimage of the South Indian temples. Beginning with the famous temple of Meenaxi, going through the temples of Alagarcoil, dazzled by the brilliance of Mysore during Dassera, we concluded on the ceramic industry in the Travancore State. The sphinx like face of Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer, delivering the final peroration with mechanical perfection drove us to the Connemara for the night.

"SUMANGALI" SOUTH'S BEST

23rd brought us to the specially arranged show of "Sumangali" a Vauhini production directed by Mr. B. N. Reddy. It was just beautiful and with Nagiah the celebrated artiste turning the Telugu into English for my benefit I enjoyed this picture best in the South. Baburao Patel summarised the affair thus. "It was worth coming to the South to see "Sumangali." "Nagiah sings better than Saigal. Saigal is all me-



Radha Rani and Sardar Mansoor make an all singing team in "Manthan" a Wadia picture.

lody. Nagiah is melody plus emotion."

That was very high praise from a man who is no respecter of persons, and whose criticisms have been very often cruelly trenchant. Director B. N. Reddy, Cameraman Ramnath and Art Director Sekhar who made "Sumangali" together must be congratulated on their triumph. And Baburao feels that these three are wasting their time on provincial pictures. They deserve a bigger field to frame their talent.

LILTING LALITHA

A quiet lunch at Director Nandlal's home prepared us for another reception at the Sagar Talkies where "Raj Nartaki" was drawing the crowds. Hardly were the garlands removed and we were driven to a grand party given by Mr. Subrahmanyam in honour of Mr. Patel. With dance and music and Mrs. Rukmini Arundale Baburao had his time full. Between Mrs. Arundale and Mr. Baburao Patel, as far as I heard, almost all the different schools of dancing in India were laid open. What I, however, liked was little Lalitha's dance plus emotion performance and Baburao Patel in his characteristic way remarked "That little girl has more womanly grace in her than all the women there put together," and when a lady looked twice at him he qualified the statement quickly "excluding my present company." Sweet Lalitha, who can forget her?

Another mad rush took us to the Broadway Talkies to preside at their anniversary. The programme was advertised and there was a crush of students. As we had to leave for Bangalore that night, a forced interval was given and the boss stepped on the stage midst thundering applause. He seems to like that sound though it swallows his own.

In another brilliant little speech he again held his hearers spell bound and with his blunt offensive they had to step back "I don't blame the producers for the pictures they give you. I blame you for not demanding better pictures. Ask and you shall be given."

SHOWMAN IS A TEACHER

Elevating the status of the showman he said "Our theatres are our future school rooms and the theatre owner is no longer a mere showman. He is a teacher, certainly a nobler profession than that of a showman."

Congratulating the proprietors of the Madras Theatres, for the clean environments which they provided to the cine-goers in all their theatres, Baburao Patel stepped down amidst applause only to fall into the hands of a crowd of pressmen.

When some one said that it was time to rush to the station, Baburao replied, "But I must meet my family and wish them good-bye" and he met the journalists, shook them all warmly by the hand and started for the station.

Kannabiran, the efficient manager of Madras Theatres, had the train, the station, the seats, the beddings, all set up and ready and he was now controlling the crowds who had come to see us off.

They were all there—friends, new and old, producers and journalists, and Mr. Subrahmanyam and dear old K. R. Narayan. I had tears within but not having the permission of our hard-boiled editor to shed them I had to swallow them. There is certainly more humanity in the South and they said, "Don't forget us Miss Carlyle and don't let Baburao do it too."

And what impression did Baburao Patel leave behind? Let me again turn to the Sunday Times of the 2nd March

"The visit and four-day stay of Filmindia Baburao Patel, accompanied by his charming secretary, Miss Rita Carlyle, highlighted Madras film circles last week.

His stay was short but intensive. He had a packed programme of activities, meeting people visiting studios and seeing pictures, talking, debating, speechifying and wisecracking, all the while taking mental stock of the South Indian film industry in its many aspects. Tough, witty, shrewd and brainy, fast in thought, work and talk, a frank friend and formidable foe, a rather startling practical idealist—that is how he impressed most of the people here."

If permitted, ofcourse by the Editor, I hope to write something about Bangalore and Mysore. I hope to, I said.

Sardar Akhtar doesn't seem to care when Amar gives a proposition in "Asra" a National Studios picture.

NALINI JAYWANT—

Bubbling on the frontiers of youth, this new starlet comes bubbling to the screen in "Radhika", a National Studios picture directed by Mr. Virendra Desai.

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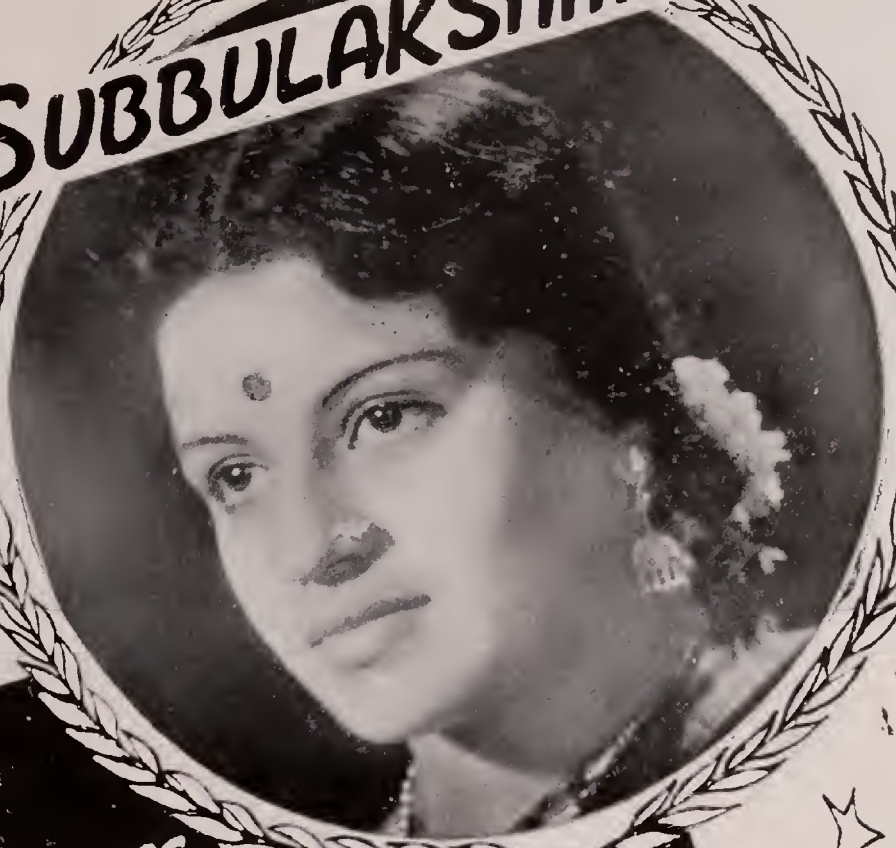
Sadhona Bose in "Raj Nartaki", a Wadia production in Hindi, Bengali and English.

Kokilagana

M S SUBBULAKSHMI

The SIREN STAR OF THE SOUTH



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A Complete Black-Out In The South

Baburao Patel's Blunt Talk at Madras

Producers Must Realize Their Responsibility To The Nation

"Friends, as you know I have already been committed to speak this evening by my friend Mr. K. Subrahmanyam, of course, without my consent. There are many things done without my consent and one of them is the general misunderstanding prevalent about me.

"I personally wished that I should have been left alone and not asked to speak because I have some bitter things to say. I came down to the South on a study tour with a view to acquaint myself with the conditions here and during the days that I have been here, I learned more than one thing about the South Indian Film Industry and to tell you frankly I am disgusted with the state of affairs existing here and I wish to go back as early as possible" said Mr. Baburao Patel, President of the Film Journalists' Association of India and Editor "filmindia" when the producers and the distributors gave him a reception at the premises of the South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce on the 22nd February 1941.

"I find the producers in the South entirely unenterprising. They are shivering on the brink of failure and it seems that they don't want to pick up courage and march ahead. Such a state of affairs will not stabilise any industry in any country in the world. Unless the producers make the best of their present opportunities, and immediately, the future of the South Indian Film Industry is, indeed, very dark. Time is not going to wait for the South Indian Film Producers. It will march ahead, leaving them behind.

NO PURPOSE IN PRODUCTION

"The pictures, which I saw here, with the exception of one, are all very poor. To me a film is a little more than mere entertainment. The primary object of these pictures produced in the South seems to be of making money. The economic distress and the struggle to live have been so intense in this province that the producers have never stopped to consider the weight of responsibility they are shouldering as producers of motion pictures which should essentially help the national existence of our people.

"What is the importance of the South Indian Film Industry to-day in the life of our country? In my opinion, nil. I wish you had not asked me to speak. But as you have, you have to thank yourself for my bluntness. I hardly find any picture with any particular social purpose beyond that of making money, if that is a social purpose.

"All that I find are mythological subjects, produced in a crude, primitive way and of no use to our present-day life. These pictures are reactionary. Who wants to live in the past? At the most, the past can be useful to us with its experience. But that experience must be interpreted in present-day terms and made to provide guidance for the future.

"Orthodoxy of the dark ages is sadly underlined in the pictures of the South. This is not keeping pace with the times. You know what is happening in the world today. But the South still insists on telling us what happened ages ago. The South must take its place in the film world. Even if for the sheer necessity of balancing their economic existence the South Indian Producers have to produce mythological subjects, they should still try to interpret the message of old in modern progressive terms. Take, for instance, the famous Prabhat picture "Dnyaneshwar". Is not the message of humanity in it as alive to-day as it was then?

"Prabhat has been producing mythological pictures but their interpretation has been modern. If that

Mr. V. Rama Rao, the efficient Manager of the South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce.

is done here, the production in the South will secure more social purpose.

"Unless therefore the producers come out with pictures of social significance and until they realise their true responsibility to the nation by harnessing the immense potentialities of the propaganda value of our films, South Indian Film Industry will never make any progress nor will it ever be a blessing to the country in general.

FACE THE NEW MENACE

"To-day, the South Indian Film Industry is being threatened by a monopoly which will soon choke honest and legitimate competition, which is so necessary for the expansion of every business. There are forces let loose to-day which threaten to effect a complete black-out in the future of this industry. Like capitalists in every country of the world, they say that things are being organised for the benefit of all, but at the same time, we must not lose sight of the immense profits made by individuals, at the cost of many.

"And that is exactly what is being threatened in the South Indian Film Industry now. Totalitarian methods so blatant in every capitalist scheme of things are also noticeable in the

new menace that is creeping gradually but certainly into the South Indian Film Industry. They are already using the usual threats but as a journalist I have no axe of my own to grind and I am a bad companion to a capitalist. I refuse to be threatened or suppressed by these tin-gods. I find people here lacking the guts to expose those who threaten the Industry but I will do so for the greater good of the industry immediately the time is ripe. However good may be the intentions of a single person it is never good for an industry that all power should pass into the hands of the individual.

"The present menace threatens to envelope the whole industry and every independent producer in the South will soon have to live on spoon feeding. That will be a shameful and slavish state of existence. And when that stage is reached, there will be no film industry in the South. It is for you to choose, gentlemen, whether you would be weak and lose everything or be strong and win in the end. Remember weakness is not a manly quality.

"It is surprising that even the local journals have not written anything about this silent menace. I want to know whether the local press has also become the handmaid of capitalism? Remember, there is nothing like a benevolent capitalism? Benevolence in capitalism is at best a merciful exploitation—but still it is exploitation of many for the good of the few. Human sweat is made of human blood whether mercifully taken or unmercifully demanded.

BETWEEN THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH

"I find that several of you have proved a failure as industrialists. I am prepared to give you all my help, if my paper counts in this province, provided you give me an undertaking that your continued efforts will contribute to make the industry greater.

Coming to the so-called rivalry between the North and the South, don't think that the North is opposed to the progress of Tamil and Telugu films. In my opinion, there is place for both and for all. Pictures in local languages always create new fields of exploitation which new fields are later available for other films.

"Let there be competition between the two production centres in India but let it be a healthy and sympathetic one which will help to expand the industry and make it a real national asset.

The photo carries its own location. From the three girls, first from the left is Miss C. A. Radha Bai (A Doctor of Film Research), Miss R. B. Laxmi Devi and Miss Carlyle. .In the centre is Baburao Patel and to his left is Mr. K. Subrahmanyam.

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A 'Snob's' Reply To A 'Mere Actress'

Make Art The Hand Maid Of A Home
A Retort To Miss Pradhan

By: Sindhu Gadgil

Yes, my dear girl, yours is a thankless job. I sympathise with you. We, the so-called snobs do keep you at a distance, just as we do with fire, you who have made it your life's work to keep the masses entertained and amused and it is extremely ungrateful on our part, I admit. But Madam, we have our reasons.

Only the other day I was talking to a friend of mine, when I remarked, "Oh that Miss X, what a talented artist she is? She is earning a four figure sum I hear." That friend of mine nodded her head knowingly and replied, "Oh, there is nothing much to boast about in that. When once a person leaves all considerations of decency and morality aside that four figure sum is not far off एकां लज्जां परित्यज्य, सर्वत्र विजयी भवेत्. In vain I argued that exceptional abilities and talent are necessary for a person to aspire for film fame and that it was not within the reach of an average person like you and me. But she would not be convinced. As the last remark was a little too much for me I challenged her to find a place for herself in the industry by trying for years.

But in my saner moments I found a certain amount of justification in the words of that snob of snobs. The society has certain expectations from you—you who boast of your education, culture and high parentage. We expect you to behave differently than the others of your profession. The film industry has already got a bad reputation. Howsoever much we may admire a film artiste and take delight on seeing her on the silver screen, we certainly do not like to associate with her in real life. This we, so far, argued was due to the lack of culture and education on the part of the film artistes. A star became a star more because of the producer's or the director's personal interest in her than because of her ability to be so. The old uneducated film star came from a low class. She had no home to care for, nobody's honour to guard, no one's future to worry about. Nor did the society expect any better behaviour from her.

But today the industry is in a new era. The film profession is increasingly becoming an attraction, a new opening for the elite of the society. The society girl looks upon the line as a new career, a new opening for her talent. She sees in it immense possibilities for the newcomer. She wishes to walk triumphantly on the untrodden path and thus satisfy the cravings of her adventurous spirit. Madam, what an enviable position you hold—you and such like you who are fortunate enough to get into the line in these days of the new social awakening. You should be the pioneer in the line, a guiding star for the new spirit, a pilot ship on the stormy seas for others to follow. With what interest do we watch your colourful career? Madam, just think of it!

But alas! we stand severely disappointed. We see you—you who had once been one of us, in whose company we passed some of our best hours of life—falling into just the same ditches, in which our less fortunate sisters once fell and for whom we never cared. With a pang we observe you stumbling over the same obstacles which you should have been able to get over, armed as you are with your culture, education and upbringing, so much so that eminent journalists like Mr. Patel have to "cry halt"—just as he did to 'Surekha Patankar'—and the newcomer has to pause and think before taking the leap into the unknown.

WE ARE DISAPPOINTED

Madam, you and such like you have entirely failed in setting an example for the newcomers and

Sindhu Gadgil, beautiful and talented, is herself a future hope of the screen.

have disappointed the society bitterly. What should the snobs think of a charming school teacher who comes fresh from a training class and starts drawing a four figure salary the next day. May be that she can dance, swim and sing and do what not. Such feats of success are not achieved merely by accomplishments. Who knows that there may be hundreds accomplished like her who may not have a shadow of a chance in the industry just because they do not want to get a producer interested in them? Where is the "snob" wrong if she calls a girl—who straightaway walks on to the sets and gets a four figure cheque by coquettishly playing with the tie of a director—a "mere actress?"

Such thundering successes as are being accomplished by some of our educated stars cannot be achieved so easily. A person does not become a star of the first magnitude overnight. It needs years and years of painstaking labour and patience. How can a "snob" feel at home in the company of an educated girl who has become a "mere actress" when he sees the spectacles of broken homes, sorrowing husbands and neglected children raising a warning finger. Today an educated star divorces her husband, shamelessly deserts her children and marries

Smart little Kowsalya and Prem Adib make a new team in "Darshan" a Prakash picture.

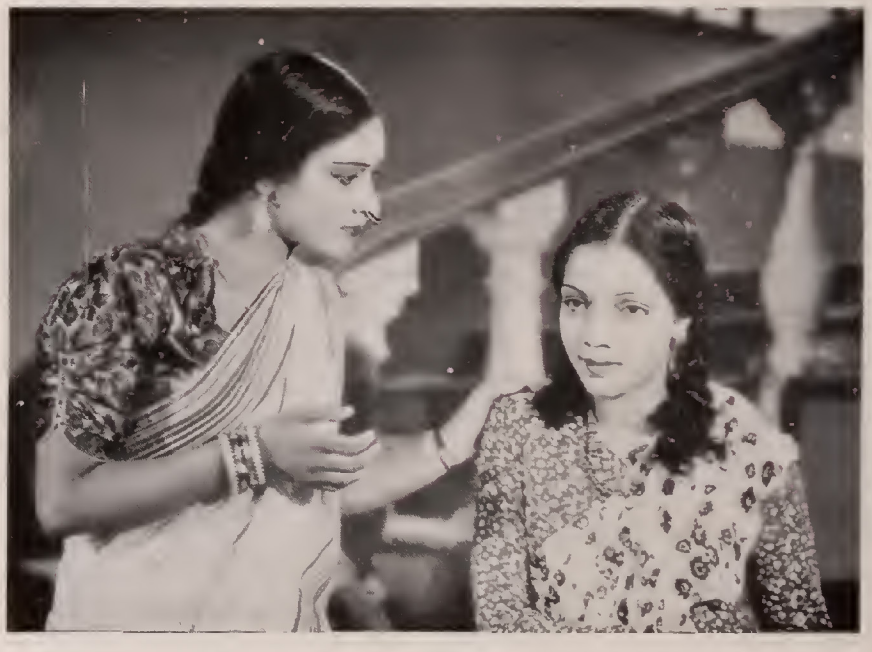
another man on the poor plea of an incompatibility of temperament. Tomorrow another openly leaves her home and goes and stays with a producer simply because she wants to carve a career for herself. And all this is styled as "moral courage" by combined gymnastics of intellect and education.

BUILD A HOME

No madam, this is not the way of assuring a place for "mere actresses" in a respectable society—Granted that the society is made up of hypocrites. But the very fact that you aspire for a place in it shows that you value your social standing. My suggestion to all those who in addition to being film actresses, aspire for a normal social life, is that they should lay down for themselves a superbly strict moral standard of living and learn to exercise the highest possible self-control because the actions of a film actress will be criticised all the more. All art and vocations must contribute to make a home and therefore your home should be your first consideration. All considerations of money, fame and glamour should be subservient to this one—the Home. Even if you achieve miraculous success in the film line at the cost of your home, I would call you a miserable failure. What is your money worth, if you break your home and neglect the innocent lives for whose creation you are responsible. Who is going to stand by your side but that one man whom you have chosen as your life's partner?

These producers who dance round you won't care for you any more when your short-lived stardom is at an end. All the money, glamour and fame would desert you and it is only your own home that you have created for yourself and the near ones for whom you have sacrificed so much that will keep you company to the "journey's end." If you find that you cannot carry on well with your husband, learn how to compromise, develop the spirit of accommodation and try your best to carry on even at the cost of your own happiness, let even that glamorous career be kicked off for the sake of your home. The man who allowed you to get into the industry or who is helping you to pursue your career in the line is broad-minded enough. Bear it well in your mind that the money you earn and the fame that you enjoy are all meant to make your own home a happier place to live in and do not simply pursue your career for the sake of the career.

In short do not aspire to become a "mere actress" but a woman who by sheer exercise of self-control and by her spirit of self-sacrifice has achieved an admirable compromise between the home and the silver screen.



Durgesh and Snehaprabha in "Pardesi" a Ranjit picture directed by Chaturbhuj Doshi.

OUR REVIEW

Snehaprabha Pradhan Gives A Sparkling Performance !

"Pardesi" Becomes A Box-Office Hit !

Motilal Shines As A Mendicant

Realizing the necessity of giving some light entertainment during war-torn times, as Hollywood is doing at present, the Ranjit Film Company seems to have achieved considerable success in producing popular pictures in comedy strain with a spot of story for the fastidious. The first in this series was "Musafir" which became such a roaring hit and now comes "Pardesi" which also threatens to be as popular, if not more, as the first one.

"Pardesi" is therefore a comedy primarily meant for entertainment and as you can't hang a comedy on air, a small story is interwoven through the incidents lending to it a breath of a small socialistic romance between a rich man and a beggar girl. Some incongruities have, of course, crept in as an inevitable concession to the comedy element but there is so much of fast entertainment in this picture that one doesn't so much mind the lapses in logical development.

Viewed, therefore, purely as an engrossing entertainment, "Pardesi" becomes an excellent picture, which through its 12,000 feet of length, keeps one on an edge of expectancy every minute, with its transparent suspense, lilting music and fine performances of the principal players.

A POPULAR ENDING

An earthquake starts the story. Premnath and Mala, brother and sister, are well-to-do and happy. The earthquake makes them poor and separates them. The shock makes Premnath suffer from amnesia and he loses all memory of his past life. He comes across Mira a beggar girl who chums up with him without realizing that he is suffering from loss of memory. They team together through life as sweethearts for a time till Mala, through Shantilal an artist, traces him and tries to reclaim her brother. But his amnesia makes things difficult and soon the drama goes through usual incidents in which the amnesia is cured by a doctor and Mohan, the beggar, once again becomes Premnath.

After this recovery, the writer keeps shivering for a time wondering whether Premnath, a member of the elite, should after all be made to marry a plebeian like Mira. And when he does so, through the intervention of Mala, the ending to the drama immediately becomes popular.

The picture has one strikingiy beautiful situation in which Mala acting as a beggar-maid asks for her brother as alms from Mira.

PARDESI

Producers:	*Ranjit Movietone*
Language:	*Hindusthani*
Story & Dialogues:	*Pandit Sudarshan*
Songs:	*Madhok & Santoshi*
Cinematography:	*Krishna Gopal*
Audiography:	*P. C. Subedar*
Music:	*Khemchand Prakash*
Production Chief:	*Chhotubhai*
Cast:	*Motilal, Khursheed, Snehaprabha Pradhan, E. Billimoria, Durgesh etc.*
Released At:	*Lamington Talkies*
Date of Release:	*22nd Feb. '41.*

Directed by:—
CHATURBHUJ DOSHI

SNEHAPRABHA, THE STAR

Snehaprabha Pradhan as Mala, the sister of the hero, has a very sympathetic role to play. She does it beautifully with a perfect understanding of the spirit of her part and incidentally gives the best performance among the principal players. Her music is sweet and melodious while her dances and movements are spontaneous and natural. Only at a couple of places, she becomes a bit stagy with her dialogues. She should restrain this temptation. And in looks, though her face has not changed but her make-up being more suitable and the photography more sympathetic, she looks charming and in places radiates a more pleasing personality than any one else in the picture.

Miss Snehaprabha Pradhan

Motilal, as Premnath plus Mohan, gives a fine portrayal though he remains a trifle too short in the better drapery and a trifle too long in the rags. His make-up as a beggar was unnecessarily made hideous. With all the money thrown about he could have had at least one shave and a whole shirt.

Khursheed as Mira does her job well too, singing a couple of good songs. But her dance of frenzy, in the later reels, looks ridiculous. It reminded me of the erratic movements which the village folks execute to appease the imaginary smallpox goddess. By the way, Khursheed is looking more emaciated in her appearance and unless she picks herself up, it will be risky to give her any glamour roles in future.

The photography of the picture is brilliant in parts. The recording also calls for more consistency. The picture suffered a lot owing to faulty reproduction in the theatre, the man behind the machine not being able to maintain a sensible sound level. Songs are beautifully sung and add to the attraction of the picture.

Well, "Pardesi" is going to be a very popular picture, if not more, at least as popular as "Musafir."

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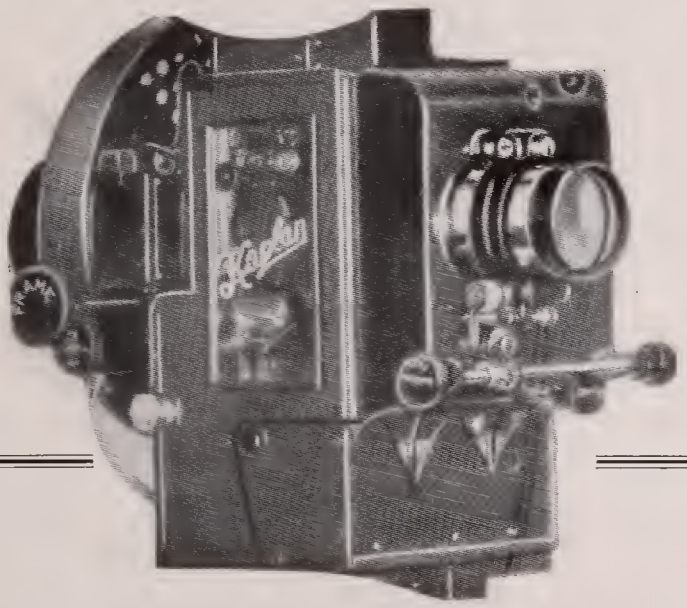

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OUR REVIEW

"Raj Nartaki" Draws Sadhona Fans

Beautiful Dancing Sustains Audience Interest
Timir Baran Satisfies at Last

This picture is essentially produced to frame the dancing talents of Sadhona Bose. And from that point of view it is appropriate to find the familiar costume play of all times with the over familiar theme of a prince falling in love with a dancer and the dancer sacrificing herself in the end for that love.

Therefore, from the view point of sheer melodrama or story interest, "Raj Nartaki" is not much to cry about. And yet as a medium of expression for the histrionic and dancing talent of Sadhona Bose, the picture has proved remarkably successful.

The story opens in the kingdom of Manipur where Chandra Kirti, the heir-apparent to the throne has fallen in love with Raj Nartaki, Modhuchanda. The love between these two symbols of different social orders is on a higher plane of life being free of any lusty considerations.

The dancer, in spite of her professional pursuits, is a woman of high morals and in the prince's view appears to be the most fitting person for being his life-mate. But this union is not liked by the king and by the Rajguru. Thereafter the drama passes through the usual obstacles, compromises and heart-burnings till the court dancer commits suicide for the greater glory of her love.

RAJ NARTAKI

Producers: *Wadia Movietone*
Story: *Manmatha Ray*
Screen Play: *Modhu Bose*
Photography: *Jotin Das and Probodh Das*
Recording: *Behram Bharucha*
Music: *Timir Baran*
Dialogues (Hindustani): *W. Z. Ahmed*
Songs: *Pandit Indra*
Cast: *Sadhona Bose, Prithviraj, Ahindra Chowdhury, Nayampally, Protima Das Gupta etc.*
ProductionChief: *Surendra Desai*
Released At: *Royal House Opera*
Date of Release: *8th Feb. '41*
Director:—MODHU BOSE

Sadhona Bose comes to the screen after a long time in "Raj Nartaki"

Prithviraj in "Raj Nartaki"

REACTIONARY IN CONTENT

The message of the picture, however, remains reactionary. While the writer trembles for a time on the possibility of bridging the social gulf between the prince and the dancer, he ultimately succumbs to the demands of orthodoxy and kills the court dancer rather than let her be wed to the prince.

But as we have said before, the story is the least point in this picture which is primarily intended for Sadhona Bose and her dancing art. We must not therefore look the gift horse in the mouth. Sadhona has given a beautiful performance and her dances are marvellously executed. Strangely enough Timir Baran has also come out well this time with excellent music and makes the picture very attractive purely from the musical point of view. The direction which is entirely hitched on to the dancing feet of Sadhona Bose is competent in scenes where the great dancer appears, otherwise it is full of faults.

The comedy sequences between the court jesters are a jest in themselves. Photography is beautiful in parts and so is the recording.

As a costume play, spectacular in presentation and rythmical in its dances, "Raj Nartaki" certainly becomes a picture for entertainment, though at places it drags a bit. But beyond the dances of Sadhona Bose, it is futile to look for more.

A New Star—

A New Theme—

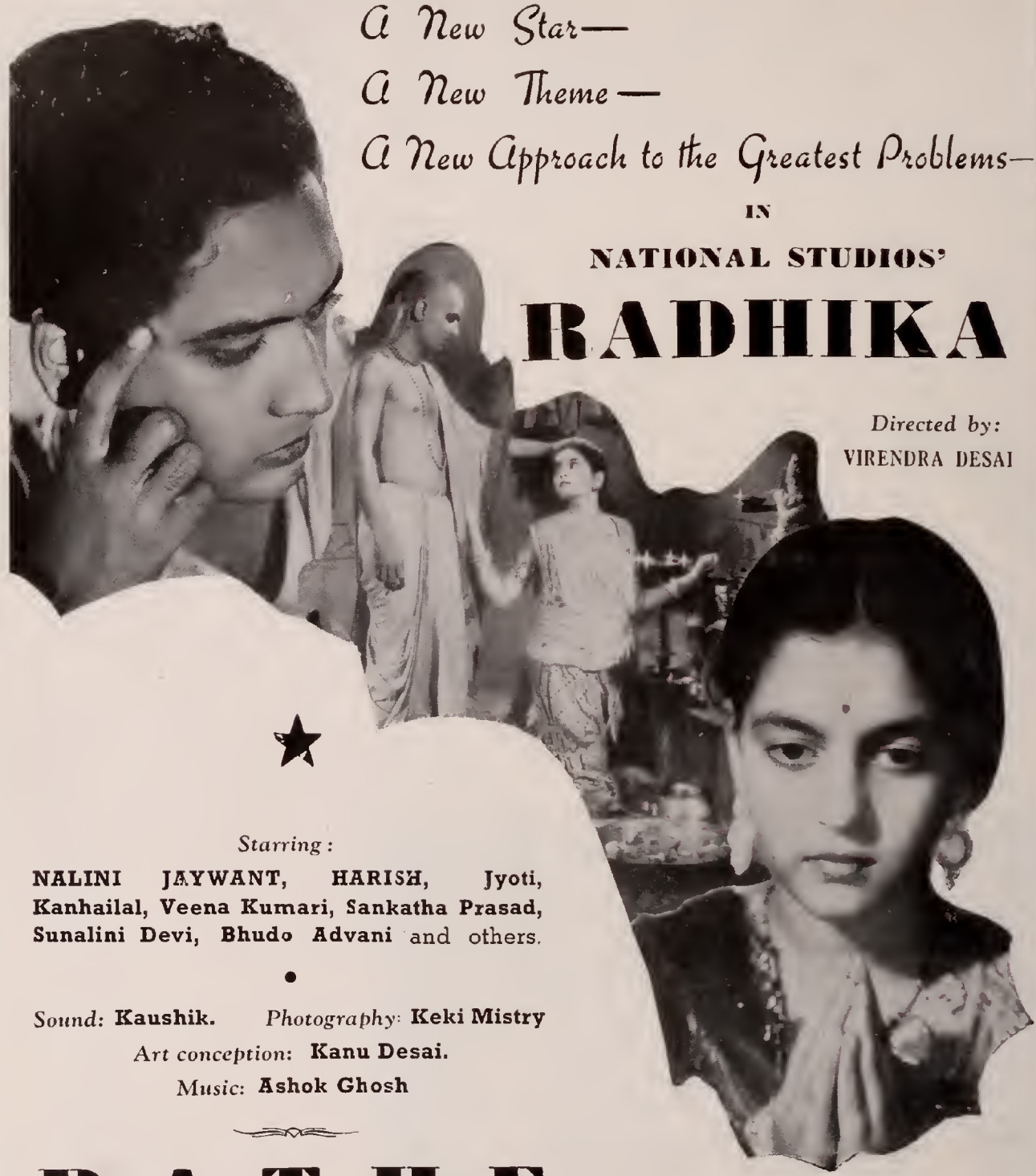
A New Approach to the Greatest Problems—

IN

NATIONAL STUDIOS'

RADHIKA

Directed by:
VIRENDRA DESAI



Starring :

NALINI JAYWANT, HARISH, Jyoti, Kanhailal, Veena Kumari, Sankatha Prasad, Sunalini Devi, Bhudo Advani and others.

•

Sound: **Kaushik.** *Photography:* **Keki Mistry**

Art conception: **Kanu Desai.**

Music: **Ashok Ghosh**

PATHE

3-30, 6-30, 10 P.M. Sat., Sun. at 1 P.M.

NATIONAL STUDIOS

Miss Pradhan Debunks Stardom!
99 Per Cent Chances Of Failure!
Stars Are Kicked Up And Down!

By: SNEHAPRABHA PRADHAN

Snehaprabha Pradhan

I was standing in front of the locked doors of the Film Artistes' Association of India, (F.A.A.I.) feeling irritable and upset little realising that I had arrived there full twelve hours earlier, i.e., at 8 a.m. to attend a meeting that was to be held at 8 p.m.

As I kept on pacing up and down in the balcony in front of the hall, I saw a young man of about twenty ascending the stairs. He came to me and sympathetically asked me why I was standing in front of the locked doors and whether I was on strike. Inspite of my irritable mood I felt quite amused and told him the purpose of my presence there. He then meekly told me that he was a mill-hand earning about Rs. 25|- a month, that he was on night duty and that—(and that was the point) he was displeased with the type of work he was supposed to do and very much wanted to become a film artiste since there was such fun in a star's life.

His final remark reminded me of the number of letters I have been receiving from girls and boys of about the same age, telling me how they envy the twinkling stars of the Silver Screen, and how anxious they too are to join us, to twinkle like us, bathed in all the glory and glamour.

In short the mill-hand, the office peon, the college student the motor driver and even the cook envies us for not what we have but for what they suppose us to have—GLAMOUR AND FUN.

Ha! Glamour and Fun! Do you not know, my friends, that uneasy lies the head that wears the crown? For while the head remains, the crown has the tendency to disappear, (and sometimes even the head disappears), for the hands that put the crown on the head are never the hands of the owner of the head. So, my dear friend, just as it will be absurd to envy the wearer of the crown merely for the pomp and glamour that accompanies the crown, so will it be foolish to envy us for the supposed glamour and fun. The crown is at least real as long as it is on the head or even after it is taken off but the glamour and fun that we are supposed to have is mere fiction—creations of your dreamy mind. And the Allauddin's Lamp that does this trick of creating illusion, pleasing to your eyes, is not the possession of the star, I assure you.

Rajkumari and K. Seenu in "Kacha Devyani."

ONE PERCENT CHANCE OF SUCCESS

True it is that some of us receive four figure salaries, that some of us have cars and telephones and fashionably furnished flats but how many of us have all these comforts? It is only those who are at the top that can boast of these luxuries, but how many of us are at the top? Count the number and you will be able to count it on the tips of your fingers? Have you ever cared to think of all the characters that appear in a picture, besides the hero and the heroine? Who are these men and women who work for as many hours as the highly-paid artistes do, but who receive not even a fraction of the fat salaries of these chosen

IN THE WAKE OF
RECORD BREAKING
RAJNARTAKI

COMES

WADIAS'

Devotional Cum Historical Masterpiece

MANTHAN

OR

JUSTICE OF VIKRAM

Starring :

RADHA RANI
RAJKUMARI
S. MANSOOR

Directed by :—RAMJI ARYA

few? Have you ever cared to find out what happens to these unsung heroes and heroines of the screen, who perhaps lend more colour and life to the picture than the beautiful but expressionless faces of many of your stars? Do they ever attract your envy or attention? Do they not come and go unwept?

Then my friend, what makes you so sure that you will at once reach the top and not become just one of these? And now when you look at this picture, do you like it? No? Why not, may I ask? Oh, I know your answer. Is it not because you find no glamour and fun in this picture? I am sorry for you but this is the true, matter-of-fact sketch of the average artiste's fate. Yes, It will be in your interests to realize that while there is only one percent chance of your reaching the top there are 99%, yes, ninety-nine percent chances of your not reaching even half way. A bitter pill to swallow, isn't it? But you must, if you want to know facts.

MAINTAINING A SHOW

Oh, you still insist that you will reach the top? Very well then, let us go to the top. And here is your cheque of four figures. And now that you are at the top and, therefore, a twinkling star that you wanted to be you must not touch the ground that the common creatures of the earth do. So, you must have a car. Also you must have other luxuries befitting your status. That means you must have a cosy and sunny bungalow, a telephone, a cook to prepare tempting and delicious dishes for you and yours, a servant or two to look after your comforts, a motor driver.

Will you tell me, now, how much is left from the four figure cheque? You look rather sad and dejected for a person who is at the top. Don't you? So you see, that not much is left from the fat amount you had in your hands but that you have gained much in responsibility which you had mistaken for glamour. You must now keep up the show even if in between contracts you sit at home killing flies. You ask me why should a person at the top have to kill flies at all? Because a person at the top receiving a fat salary cannot accept less and must wait till he or she gets an offer at least similar to the previous one. And so even in the days of unemployment you must maintain all the luxuries of the lucky times. How much can you save then?

THEY KICK THE STARS DOWN

And now that you are at the top you look at me as though you will never climb down. You are right, for you will never climb down *but you will be thrown down.* Believe it or not. No, don't feel offended or don't look at me as though you would like to wring my neck or roast me alive. Even if you roast me, facts will remain facts. If you are very beautiful you will remain at the top perhaps for a dozen years and on the strength of your beauty

H. H. the Maharaja of Travancore accompanied by his mother visited the Prabhat Talkies, Madras, to see Travancore Educational films produced by Mr. K. Subrahmanyam (extreme right). His Highness has recently become the patron of the South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce.

receive a salary which will be the envy of many. But if you are not so lucky with looks, then unless you are an artiste of exceptional merits you may start climbing down now only.

In any case, it will save you a heart-break to start packing after half a dozen years and also it will save you from having broken ribs. You will certainly have them, if you refuse to pay heed to this warning, as the owner of the Allauddin's Lamp will kick you down with the same playfulness with which he took you to the top. You say you are extremely beautiful and you need not come down even after twenty years. My conceited friend, do take the trouble to look around you.

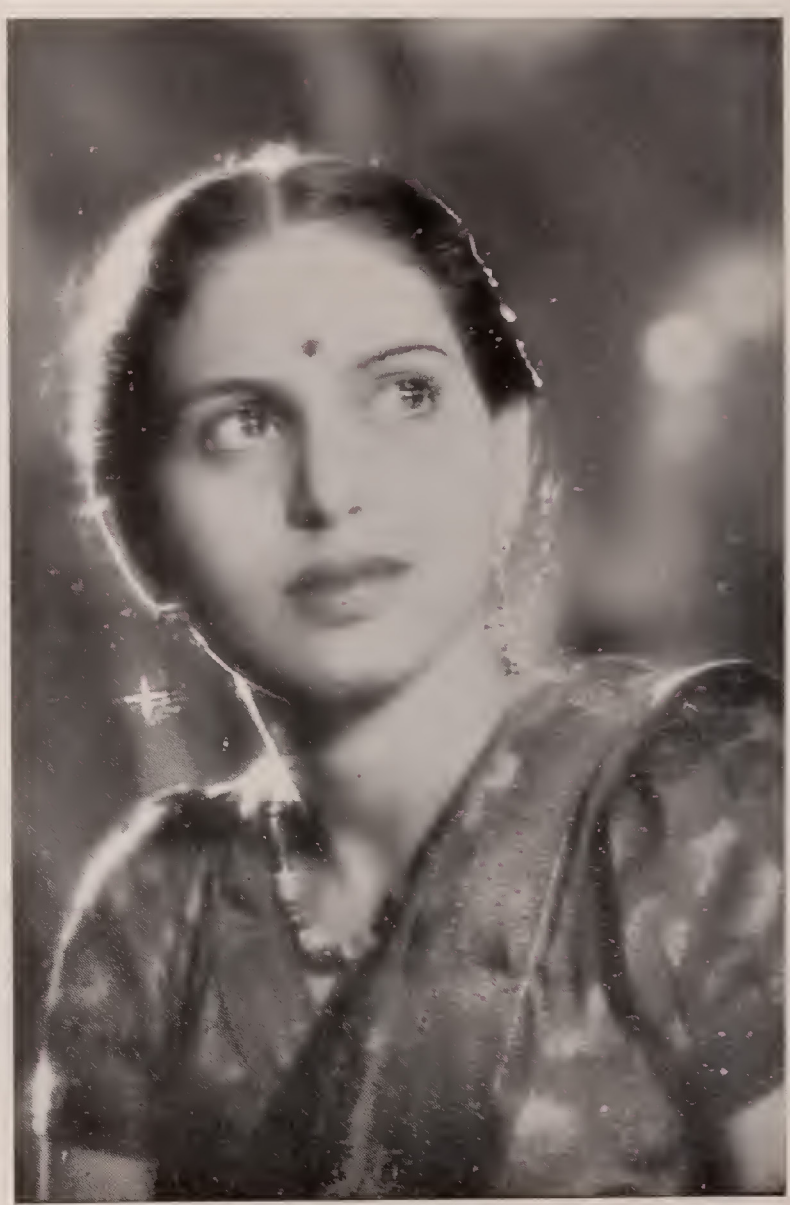
You will see that many new stars have appeared on the horizon, more beautiful than you. They are coming up to occupy your throne and you will be compelled to leave because the very eyes that once delighted in drinking the beauty of your face are now tired of it. The variety-loving world is tired of you. Did I not say that the crown has a tendency to disappear as the hands that put it on your head are not your own? Therefore, since nothing is left to your will, you must climb down or be kicked.

THEY HAVE NO USE FOR OLD GLOVES

You say you will climb down since you can very easily live on the pension you are sure to get for serving the millions so faithfully? No, comrade, no, you will receive no pension, for unlike the worker in every other profession you have no claim on anything, no security. You are like an old used glove. You have been thrown away and you may keep on lying where you are, unless you have succeeded in saving a small amount at least to keep you going for some time more. Even if you have saved something, how long will it last you? And so one by one, must go the luxuries that you can no more afford—the car, the telephone, the nice bungalow. Oh, don't bother about the servants for they will not wait for you to tell them.

How do you like this change from prosperity to adversity? How do you like the hardness of the footpath now that you are used to the softness of the car? Can you boldly stand and see that the crown that once adorned your beautiful head—that lent magnificence to your person is being used to decorate some other head and that the same public, the same millions that once craved about you have now forgotten you in preference to this new personality? Can you?

How do you like this picture number two? Do you agree that the characters in the picture number one were better placed since from dust they came, in dust they stayed and unto dust they went, without much heart-break and hurt? Do you now see that even when you are at the top, there is no true glamour and fun? Do you now realize that the things for which you envied us once, do not exist at all? Do you now comprehend that while for a dozen years or so you may doze off to the soft purring of your expensive car, the rest of the future stretches before you in the form of a big question mark, as



Kumari as Saraswati in "Sumangali" a Vauhini production in Telugu.

threatening and as frightening as a monster?

Do you still think, I am exaggerating? Well, then, my obstinate reader, tell me where are those stars who once were the darlings of your heart—once—till the talkies came? You don't remember even the names of many of them. How many of the heroes who were once drawing a four figure cheque are heard of now?

Do you know that many of them are going from studio to studio to be taken at least as extras? Have you heard of the fund that the F.A.A.I. is trying to collect to help these fallen stars so that they may live on the charity of their successors? I know of an actor whose physique was once his pride. There were not a few who then envied him for his figure. To-day his cheeks are sunken, his limbs that once glowed with strength now hang about him like dead leaves, his eyes that once sparkled with the joy of living, have now become dull and lifeless and the sadness in them can melt even a stone. Once he was the idol of the millions till his fans left him to applaud a new personality.

I know of an actress who, too, occupied a similar place in the heart of the public till she too was compelled to leave her heavenly abode to go into oblivion. These are not exceptions as you may like to believe. These are only two of the many examples. In India or in Hollywood the story is the same. Glamour and fun are the illusions—the dreams of the dreamer. A long future full of uncertainty and question marks is the truth—the reality. A grim truth more painful to realize because it is hidden under the glittering stuff.

Heavens, why are you looking so pale and nervous? It seems had I not held you by your hand you would run away. Please don't mind, until I have finished all that I want to say to you. Believe me. I did not mean to scare you. I only wished you to see facts so that you may stop envying us for things that do not exist at all. I never meant that there is no fun or thrill of any sort. There is fun, indeed, and a sort of thrill too—the sort of a thrill the motor race gives to the mind that has love for adventure and the risks that are always associated with it.

Our work is exacting but interesting—there is lot of fun and enjoyment as long as the work lasts. I don't mean the romantic life that an artiste is supposed to have but the fun and enjoyment that one gets by doing one's work sincerely.

Don't run away after knowing the facts—do join us if you feel an honest urge that is strong and healthy, but come with your eyes open to all the risks and dangers just as you keep them open to the risks and dangers in any other profession. Come not to find glamour and fun that your dreamy mind imagines. Come to live and shine for a while with the full knowledge that very soon you will be left with nothing but the sweet memories of the short but thrilling existence. Come with the spirit of the dare-devil who can smile in the face of danger and death. Come with the broad mind of the perfect sport who, with the same willingness with which he accepts to captain his team, agrees to resign to make room for a better player (only in this case it is not always a better player for whom you make room).

RUN AWAY NOW

No, friend, don't run away but don't envy us, either! Don't carry with you false notions. All that glitters is not gold and even gold is "imitation" these days that can be had for two and half rupees a tola. And if you are not prepared for anything but a life of glamour and pleasures, if you don't have the courage and the strength to survive the fall in case the magic carpet under you suddenly disappears, if you won't be able to keep your chin up in the face of adversity, then please, for God's sake, for your sake, take to your heels.

And now, that I have shown this "film" of the artiste's true fate exposing before your glamour-struck eyes the bare truth, mercilessly tearing off that film of illusion that, like the goggles you wear, prevented you from seeing things in their true colours, giving them artificial beauty, that soothed your eyes and fanned your desires—I leave it to your judgment to decide whether you should enter our land or not.

Whatever you decide, please don't envy us.

Kausalya and Shakir make exciting drama in "Darshan" a Prakash picture.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND—
This Warner charmer will come again to the screen in "Santa Fe Trail."

VANMALA

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"THE MARAUDERING GANG"

Directed by: **Kikubhai B. Desai** ● Scenario by: **Zabak.**

Produced at **THE PARAMOUNT FILM Co.,** Andheri, BOMBAY.

OUR REVIEW

"Shakuntalai" Becomes Box-Office Success

M. S. Subbulaxmi Draws Crowds

This is rather a poor photoplay of one of the most popular classics of Kalidas. It has been produced in a slapstick way and turned into a yankee version of "boy-meets-girl drama" entirely missing the fragrant spirit of the original classic.

It is very difficult to expect anything better in a subject like this from a foreign director like Mr. Dungan, who probably may have to live his life again to understand the romantic subtleties of a poet like Kalidas. The fundamental mistake, therefore, with the production is that it should have been entrusted to a man who must at all times remain an utter stranger to the cultural traditions of India.

STAR DRAWS THE CROWDS

M. S. Subbulakshmi, because of her musical talents and her intense popularity all over the South, is easily the biggest drawing card in the picture. Add to this factor, the two comedians Krishna and Mathuram, and we find an explanation for the roaring box office success of "Shakuntalai."

To see Balasubramanyam as King Dushyantha is to find a zero in the role of a hero. This particular casting has been so unfortunate that right from the beginning to the end, Balasubramanyam's sad, castor-oil expression haunts one with its pitiful presence. We are told that Balasubramanyam is a good singer but when we hear his music "corrected" as it is by bad recording, we find that even in that respect he has failed ingloriously.

It is hardly necessary to state the story of Shakuntalai to Indians as almost every Indian knows the story. And in this photoplay it has been followed almost scrupulously without even an attempt at securing the spiritual background of the great play.

M. S. Subbulakshmi, in spite of bad recording, gives some beautiful music and incidentally that provides the solitary consolation to the picturegoer.

SHAKUNTALAI

Producers: *Chandraprabha Cinetone & Royal Talkies*

Language: *Tamil*

Cast:

M. S. Subbulakshmi
G. N. Balasubramanyam
Serukalathur Sama
N. S. Krishnan
T. A. Mathuram

Produced At: *Newtone Studios, Madras*

Dialogues: *Mr. Sadasivam*

Director:—ELLIS R. DUNGAN

POOR KALIDAS

The photography of the picture is far from being good while the recording turns the beautiful Prabhat Talkies theatre into an apologetic show-house, in spite of excellent acoustics.

The comedy sequences of Krishnan and Mathuram, though popular with the masses, are to say the least hardly intellectual.

Seen from the view point of classic interpretation, the picture constitutes an unforgivable insult to the great poet Kalidas who may well turn in his grave and say "See what this American director has done to me." And yet M. S. Subbulakshmi and the two comedians save the situation, from an economical point of view, and bring crowds to the box-office. To that extent, "Shakuntalai" is a success but it is a pity that the producers lost a precious opportunity of giving to the South Indian world a correct interpretation, in pictorial terms of the great drama of Kalidas.

Who wouldn't sleep that way, if you know that the head rests on Madhuri's lap and yet Motilal is worried in "Sasural" a Ranjit picture.

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G. H. Veeranna.

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OUR REVIEW

"Kacha Devyani" Is Grand Entertainment

Rajakumari Promises A Brilliant Future
Beautiful Dialogues Provide Interest

As is usual with Director Subrahmanyam, who has lost one star after another because of circumstances beyond his control, he has gone out and made another in a new girl called Rajakumari. While Director Subrahmanyam has been one of those steady pioneers of the industry who provide pretty good pictures with regularity, he has yet to make a great picture.

"Kacha Devyani" is certainly a grand entertainment but as screen craft it is merely a lot of hocus. One feels that at every stage the director has given in to the element of box office and introduced crazy comedy, trick shots and mythological hocus to secure the vote of the masses. In short the entire picture has been directed light-heartedly, the artistes playing through more light-heartedly and the audience leaving the theatre still more light-heartedly.

T. R. Rajakumari, the star of the picture in the title role of Devyani gives a pleasant and spontaneous performance and in her work is seen the art of the director. She dominates the picture so completely that she ends by becoming the picture. Kothamangalam Seenu, the hero as Kacha does better than ever before and there again is another laurel for Director Subrahmanyam.

BEAUTIFUL DIALOGUES

The comedy is crazy and at times invites a tragic question on the intellectual attainments of the man who is responsible for these sequences. One thing which is however very striking, and remarkably so, is the dialogue of the picture. Inspite of harshness of the Tamil phonetics, K. Subrahmanyam has written beautiful dialogues which are classic not only in their construction but in their beauty of expression.

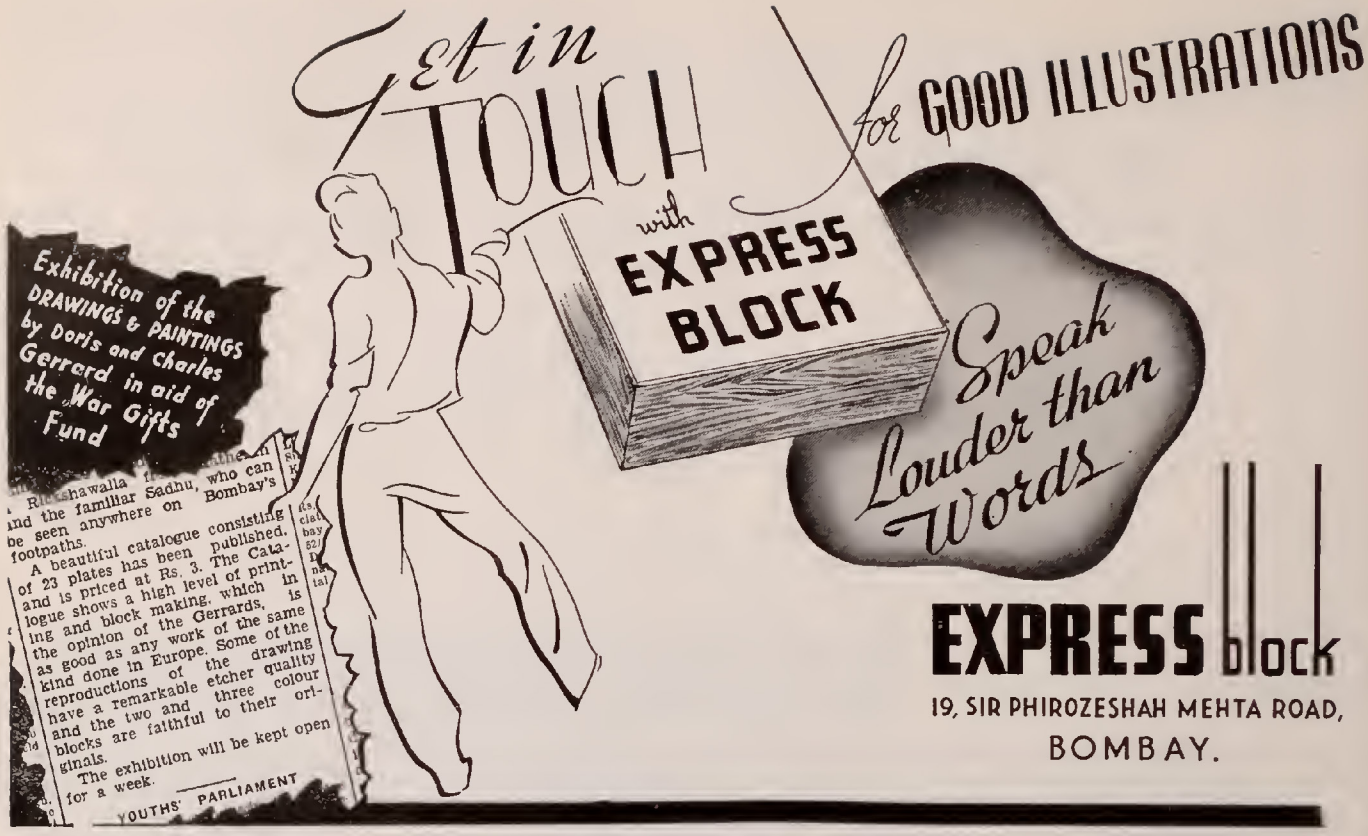
The photography and recording are tolerably good. Forgetting for a moment the stagy technique in which the whole picture is shot, "Kacha Devyani" still remains a good moderate picture for filmgoers. And yet considered as an interpretation of a mythological incident this picture becomes merely a delightful burlesque of good intentions.

KACHA DEVAYANI

Producers: *Madras United Artistes Corporation*
Language: *Tamil*
Cast: *Rajakumari Kothamangalam Seenu Subbu and others*

Direction:—
K. SUBRAHMANYAM

In "Amrit" a Navyug picture Lalita Pawar comes to the screen after a pretty long time.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and the familiar Sadhu, who can be seen anywhere on Bombay's footpaths.
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★ Pictures In Making

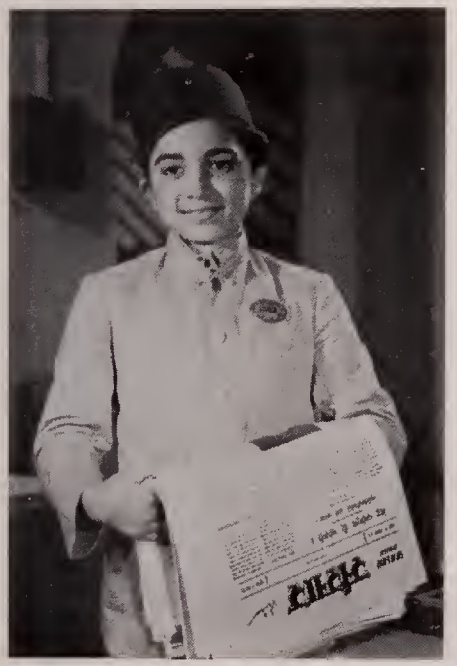
PRABHAT FILM CO. (Poona)

"Padosi" is running well at the Central in Bombay and at several other stations all over India. The picture has been appreciated greatly because of its socio-political theme which finds favour with the people at the present juncture. At the studios they have started shooting "Sant Sakhu" and Messrs. Damle and Fatehlal the two directors are busy taking the indoor sets.

A third unit has been begun by Prabhat under the captaincy of V. C. Bedekar, the author of "Padosi." The story intended for this unit will be a comedy.

"Omar Khayyam" has been entirely completed in the script form and now the settings are being got ready under the masterly supervision of Syed Fatehlal.

The Prabhat Film Company have started a new educational department in which they will be producing educational and commercial films for the short film market.



Suresh, who is still living, will appear again in "Naya Sansar" a Bombay Talkies' picture.

BOMBAY TALKIES

"Bandhan" which is still running at the Roxy will have to be removed to accommodate "Naya Sansar", a new social story featuring Renuka Devi and Ashok Kumar. The new picture is expected to come to the screen sometime by the end of this month.

On the other hand "Punar Milan" is going strong at the Majestic as also at all the stations wherever it has been released in India.

As regards its box-office "Punar Milan" seems to be scoring a remarkable success. While running in the 13th week at Bombay, there are expectations of the picture reaching its Silver Jubilee week. At the other stations it is running as follows: Poona, 3rd week; Lucknow, 5th week; Aligarh, 3rd week; Peshawar, 3rd week; Allahabad, 5th week; Delhi, 5th week; Amritsar, 4th week and Lahore, 5th week.

FAMOUS FILMS (Nellore)

"Dharma Patni" is running very well in the mofussil in the South and the picture has proved a popular hit with certain class of people.

"Prem Bandhan" a social story in Tamil which is under production at present is expected to be completed by the end of April.

FAMOUS ARUN PICTURES (Poona)

The first historical picture called "Thoratanchi Kamla" has been completed and is likely to be released at the Majestic Cinema in Bombay.

The new picture under shooting will be a historical play called "Taj Mahal" in which spectacle and grandeur clash with each other to create terrific action.

RANJIT FILM CO.

'Pardesi" directed by Chaturbhuj Doshi has proved a popular comedy at the Lamington Talkies.

Director Chaturbhuj is now busy with another comedy called "Susral" with Madhuri and Motilal.

"Ummid" a social picture directed by Manibhai Vyas will be on the

Mr. Vijay Bhatt who jumped to fame for his success in "Narsi Bhagat."

screen immediately after "Raj Nartaki" at the Royal Opera House.

Director Jayant Desai is proceeding fast with "Shadi".

NATIONAL STUDIOS

Director Virendra Desai's "Radhika" was released at Pathe Cinema and was well liked by several people.

At the studios "Asra" a social story, has been completed while director Mehboob is giving his final touches to "Sister" another social story.

Director Ramchandra Thakur is busy with 'Kasoti."

WADIA MOVIETONE

"Raj Nartaki" in Hindi and Bengali has been running well at several centres in the country. The next picture to come on the screen after this is called "Manthan" and features Radha Rani.

Director Homi Wadia who has never yet produced a flop has half completed "Bombaiwali" with Nadia in the starring role.

NAVYUG CHITRAPAT

"Amrit" will come to the West End very shortly after the present indoor settings are shot and got over with.

Director Vinayak expects to make this picture a thundering success, having given his best to it.

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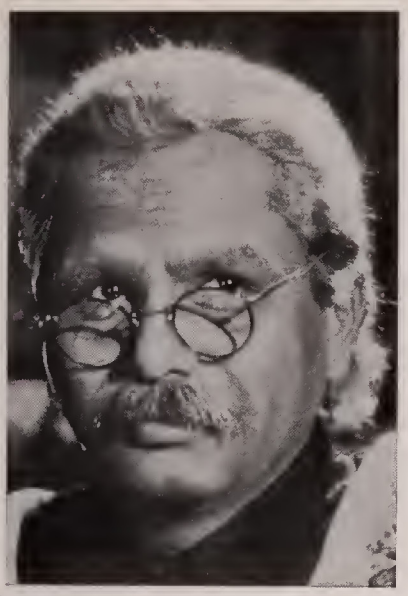


Nagiah as "Pantulu in "Sumangali." His beautiful performance is an eye-opener.

PANCHOLI PRODUCTIONS (Lahore)

"Khazanchi" the first social pic- in Hindi is drawing crowds at Karachi, Delhi and Lahore. This picture is expected to be released in Bombay very soon at the Krishna Cinema and with the now popular Romola starring in it is expected to go over in a big way.

PARAMOUNT FILM CO.

Director Pessi Karani has completed "Akela" a social story with Mazhar Khan and Bibbo in the lead. This Great India production will hit a new high in box office collections for producer Kikubhai. Just at present the veteran producer is busy concentrating his attention on the new crime features which he has taken in hand.

TARUN PICTURES

"Prabhat" featuring Shanta Hublikar and Jairaj is drawing well at the Imperial Cinema. It is reported to have become a gripping entertainment and as such is patronized by all classes.

ATRE PICTURES

The first picture from the Chitra Mandir studios called "Ghar Jawai" is on the screen at the West End Cinema.

The second one belonging to Atre Pictures called "Charano-ki-Dasi" is well on the way towards completion and is expected to be on the screen in the month of May. With producer Atre as the story writer and Vanmala, Durga Khote and Jagirdar in the cast this picture is expected to be a new land mark in Marathi-Hindi productions.

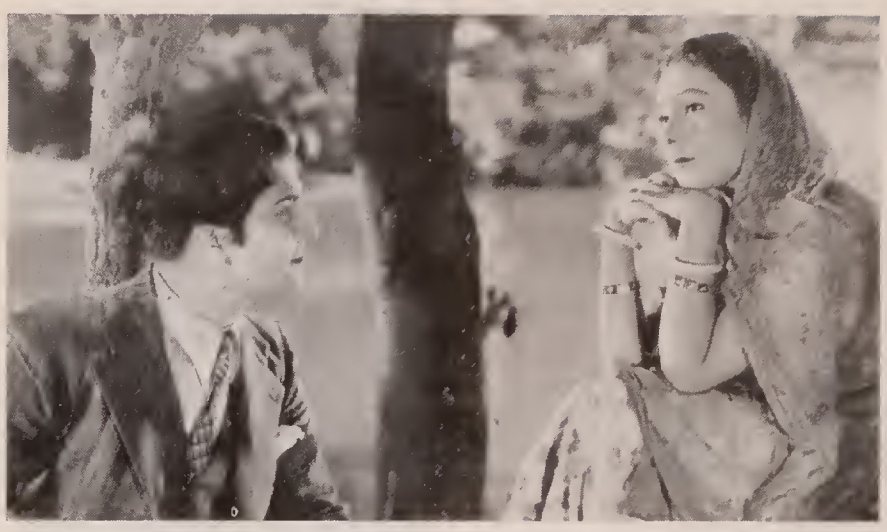
B. Jayamma in "Subhadra" a Balaji & Gubbi Films in Kannada.

PRAKASH PICTURES

"Narsi Bhagat" has become a spectacular success for Prakash. In Bombay and Ahmedabad, it has continuously drawn money.

During the month a lot was done towards completion of "Darshan" a

A comic situation in "Thoratanchi Kamla" a Famous-Arun picture.



Jyoti and Prem Adib come together for the first time in "Darshan" a Prakash picture.

social photoplay with Jyoti and Prem Adib in the leading roles.

Fast in the wake of his success director Vijay Bhatt has taken "Bharat Milap" in two versions, Hindusthani and Marathi, with a very impressive cast including Durga Khote, Shobhana Samarth, Shahu Modak etc.

ROSE PICTURES

Their maiden production called "Dharma Bandhan" has been released at the Novelty Talkies and is reported to have been well received. Under the direction of Mr. Dhirajlal M. Mehta, an ambitious production programme will be soon taken in hand and they will start shooting in April.

NEWTONE STUDIOS (Madras)

Vauhini Pictures are producing a social story called "Devata" in Telugu. Incidentally, this is their third picture and the famous trio of artists: Reddy, Ramnath asd Sekhar are expected to give even a better picture than "Sumangali" in quality. With Kumari, Suryakumari and the inimitable Nagiah in the cast, the success of the picture is already assured.

The Rajeswari Pictures, under the direction of Jothish Sinha are producing "Thalli Prema" in Telugu and with the stars Kannamba and Hemlata, two good lookers of the screen, it certainly promises to be a hopeful hit at the box office.

Director Soundararajan is producing for Tamil Nad Talkies, a Tamil mythological called "Rishyasringar."

PRAKJOTHI STUDIOS (Madras)

Raja Sandow is directing "Choodamani" in Telugu for Janaki Pictures. Prakjothi pictures are also producing "College Kumari" under the direction of S. K. Vasagam.

BHARATH MOVIETONE (Madras)

"Rajasuyam" in Tamil is under production with Serukalathur Sama and V. S. Mani in the cast while "Bharthru Hari" under the direction of Fram Sethna is on the sets. A comedy that is now ready for general release is "Thosai."

SUNDARAM SOUND STUDIOS (Madras)

The pictures completed here are "Thara Sasank" a Telugu mythological of R.S.P. pictures starring Pushpavalli and directed by R. S. Prakash, "Krishnakumar" a Tamil mythological of Sadhana Films with C. Honnappa Bhagavathar and V. A. Chellappa in the cast and H. M. Reddy's Telugu biographical comedy called "Tenali Ramakrishna."

K. S. S. PICTURES (Madras)

Under the direction of K. Sachi, "Gangavathar" is being shot steadily and is expected to be completed before April.

MODERN THEATRES (Salem)

"Manonmaniam" in Tamil is on the sets at present under the direction of T. R. Sundaram.

How irresponsible rumours create a panic is shown in "Whispering Legions" a Film Advisory Board short feature produced by Mr. Ezra Mir.

Printed by Baburao Patel at the New Jack Printing Works, 75, Apollo Street, Fort, and published by him for "filmindia" Publications Ltd., from 104, Apollo Street, Fort, Bombay.

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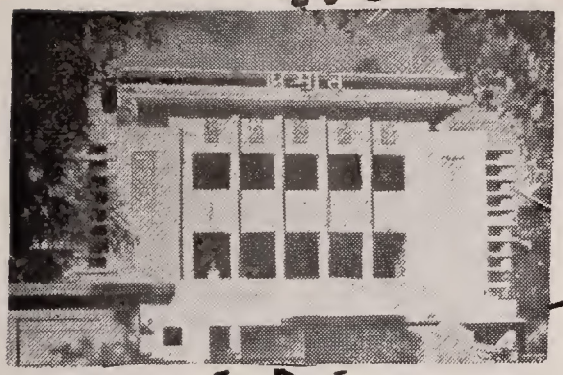

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